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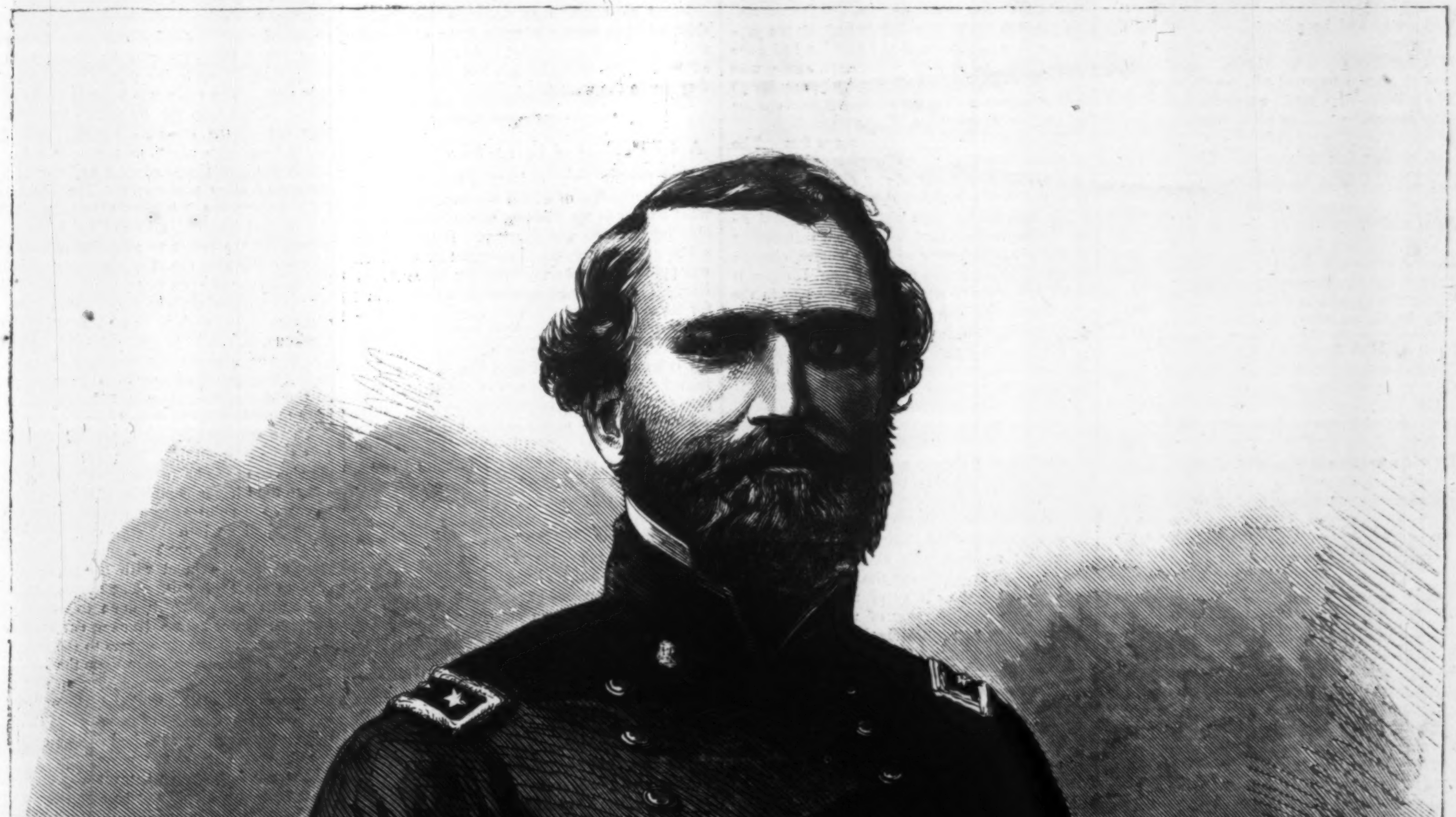

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 810.]

TWO PICTURES FROM THE WAR.

ALL through the wearying summer day,
The blaze of heat, the dusty road,
Our toiling columns stretch away,
Sore burdened with the knapsack's load—
And winding o'er the rugged hills
Bright waves of steel roll billowing on,
Till War's stern, solemn splendor fills
Dark valleys from the world withdrawn.

Day wanes apace: the failing feet
Have respite from the toilsome track,
Uncounted eyes in slumber sweet
Close round the welcome bivouac.
The picket skirts the distant wood,
And from the far-off summits glow
Dim warnings in the solitude,
The watch-fires of a crafty foe.

To-morrow's dawn may bring the strife,
The shock of battle; yet the sleep
That chains this throbbing tide of life
Is like a spell, so wild and deep.
Dreams soothe each stormy, turbulent breast.
The happy Past returns again,
Joy sits within the heart, a guest
To banish thence corroding pain.

God guard and keep them! O'er the hills,
Far reaching to their Northern homes,
My yearning aspiration thrills,
And on the haunted night-wind comes
The whisper of a porch rose-twined,
A graveled walk, an open door,
A lattice sweetly jessamined—
A shadow falling on the floor!

Sad woman's eyes; and bearded lips
Beside the bivouac murmur low,
As if the dream had found eclipse
In sympathy's deep overflow.
The drowsy clock ticks by the wall
To count the listless hours away—
While rings afar the thrilling call
Of bugles sounding for the fray.

Sweet childish faces gather round.
Sweet infant voices fill the room,
As ever greets her ear the sound
Of childish plaint—"When will he come?"
And she, with marble lip and cheek,
Turns shuddering from the shadowed floor
To stifle words she may not speak—
"Perhaps he comes to us no more!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

IT is December, but active war is still going on. The operations in Tennessee, SHERMAN'S march across Georgia, and the terrible tenacity of GRANT before Richmond, do not look much like winter-quarters. It is useless to speculate, and the Associated Press dispatches prophesy more than enough. That the rebels fight as fiercely as ever their repeated charges against the storm of death at Franklin shows. That the Union soldiers have the sturdiness that secures ultimate victory and the readiness that baffles the most frenzied impetuosity was proved by the same battle. General THOMAS, who saved the day at Chickamauga when even ROSECRANS gave up all for lost, is a man upon whose quality we may all confidently count. If HOOD fails in Tennessee, it will be an irreparable moral disaster to the rebellion.

Of SHERMAN there will probably be authentic news before these lines are read. We have not disguised the dangers and difficulties of his march, while we have felt very sure that nobody could measure them more accurately than the General himself. We have endeavored to be prepared for delays, and to face the chance of serious opposition to his progress, in view of the vital importance of such opposition to the rebels. But if eluding all snares and surmounting every impediment he emerges safely and timely upon the coast, SHERMAN, too, will have won a moral victory which will shake the enemy's heart. And it is by moral victories that the advantages of military successes are secured.

At each of the three chief points of interest the prospects of the national cause are clearly encouraging to the most impartial survey, while the record of the year can not furnish the least hope or comfort to the rebellion. It is still in arms, indeed; it still contests. That is all that can be said for it. On the other hand, the nation has steadily advanced in the suppression of the insurrection, and has declared that it does not mean to hesitate or delay, or spare any cost of money, time, or precious life, to maintain its existence. It is not yet finally successful. It has not finished its work. But it is steadily doing it; and Rome was not a failure because it was not built in a day.

We shall be very glad if we can contribute in any degree to promote a healthful condition of the public mind; guarding it equally against mad ecstasies and foolish depressions. The cause is not gained or lost by a battle nor by a campaign. The noblest cause defended by arms, and committed to the chances of war, can not have a campaign of unvarying success; and a nation which can not endure occasional defeat can not achieve permanent victory. We were children when the war began; we ought to be men now. There is every reason to anticipate that this year will end in glory for the country. Let us be calm, and patient, and grateful; neither intoxicated with the success we look for, nor in despair with the reverse that is always possible.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS assembles under pleasant auspices. It is not in the dark. It can have no doubt. It has heard from the people. It knows what the country wishes and expects. It has had the plainest declaration that the Government is to be maintained by force of arms, and that there is to be no parley with rebels, except to receive their submission to the Constitution and the laws.

We do not anticipate any remarkable change in the conduct of those in the Opposition who, during the last session, had no other policy than impeding the Administration and paralyzing the efforts of the country to save itself. Gentlemen whose votes cheer the rebel Congress will still claim that they maintain a "legitimate opposition" *à la* CHARLES JAMES FOX. "Democrats" who profess the profoundest respect for the popular will, will vote as if the election had gone exactly the other way. Representatives who are "as much opposed to Slavery as any body" will vote against allowing a constitutional chance of settling the question.

Fortunately these gentlemen are few. The responsible majority of the present Congress, and a still larger one of the next, come fresh from the people, freshly inspired by the high and noble national impulse which has recorded itself in the late election. The very universality of the patriotic feeling will, we believe, chasten and modify crudeness of legislation, because it is an assurance of ripeness and sagacity in the popular mind which does not require to be excited and spurred by Congressional action.

We have a right to expect great calmness, decision, and precision in the legislation of this winter.

THE "FLORIDA."

WE have forborne any remarks upon the seizure of the *Florida*, because the facts have been very inadequately stated, and because we were very sure that the same skill which so wisely adjusted the *Trent* case would be fully competent to deal with this. Indeed there has been no event during the war which more clearly proved the ability of the Secretary of State and the good sense of the country than the issue of the *Trent* difficulty. It would be hard to find in any history so ready a national acquiescence in a conclusion so adverse to the inflamed national passion and expectation as that case furnished. The general doubt upon all points of international law, or, more correctly speaking, agreement, was increased in the case of the *Trent* by the excited condition of the public mind, still freshly chafing with indignation at the British prompt concession of belligerent rights to the rebels. But the moment the fine American tradition was cited and explained by Senator SUMNER and Secretary SEWARD, every man saw that the national honor demanded the surrender of the two rebel emissaries, and they were promptly surrendered without a murmur, and with the intelligent consent of the country.

The conduct of Lord PALMERSTON, the representative of the hostile British aristocracy, and the tone of the English hostile press, will not be forgotten; while the manly stand of JOHN BRIGHT and the English press friendly to our cause will be always gratefully remembered. For a fortnight Lord PALMERSTON carried in his pocket an explanation of the readiness of the United States Government to do whatever honor and precedent required, and for a fortnight he and his friends did what they could to secure success to the rebellion by plunging the United States and Great Britain into war. Lord PALMERSTON, his press, and his party were signally foiled by the fidelity of the United States to their own principles, even when that fidelity required a severe sacrifice of feeling.

In the present case, the seizure of the *Florida* in a neutral port is one of those acts of which British naval history is full. The English hostile press breaks out into a cry of shame and rage and revenge upon the report of an incident which has a myriad British precedents. A most competent and intelligent authority furnishes to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* an elaborate and careful paper recounting the various seizures of ships made at various times in the neutral ports of various nations by Britannia, ruler of the waves. The paper is worthy of enduring form and preservation, as a commentary upon that swaggering, blatant, bullying tone of the English press, and too often of British statesmen, which has earned for Great Britain the same kind of hearty hate which was felt for the United States while our Government was administered in the blustering and domineering spirit of Slavery. Upon one occasion Lord CHATHAM instructed the British Minister to apologize to the Portuguese Government for a gross offense of the kind we are considering, but especially charged him that under no circumstances should he consent to restitution of the prize.

The obstreperous scolding of English hostile journals we have happily learned to despise; and certainly in the present instance no intelligent American can hear it without a smile of amused contempt. Unfortunately the sinking of the *Florida* has prevented the possibility of her restitution to Brazil, should that course have appeared to be required by our own precedent and by international understanding. It is greatly to be deplored that, since she was not destroyed in the act of seizure, she had not remained afloat until the question could be decided. If it shall now appear that the rights of a neutral had been violated by the *Florida* herself, the case, like that of the *General Armstrong*, will be one for friendly reference. If it shall be proved that her seizure was a plain violation of a neutral port, we have no doubt that every faithful American citizen expects that the most ample and honorable apology will be made. One newspaper indeed thinks that such a course would be a sore blow to the national honor! But that is not surprising in a paper which thinks that the duty of a citizen to his country and Government ends with an election.

What all honest men desire is that justice shall be done to the friendly State of Brazil, and honest men do not feel their honor wounded by frankly apologizing when they see that they are in the wrong.

A LETTER OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE paper upon precedents of British offenses against neutrals, of which we have spoken in what we say of the *Florida*, is attributed, probably justly, to Senator SUMNER. It has elicited a letter from Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, which was published in the Philadelphia *North American*. The reply is admirable for its temper, and for its assertion of a higher international morality than usually appears in such discussions.

Grant, says Professor SMITH, that what you say is true. Yet the offenses were mostly committed when you were parts of the British empire, and when her glory and shame were yours. And grant again that England has done such things: are they not still unworthy—and do you plead the shortcomings of England sixty, a hundred, or three hundred years ago as precedents or extenuations of your own unworthy acts to-day? But her later assertions and conduct show that England has changed her feeling, and that such acts would not now be justified. And even if that were not so, is it a lofty course, in the present circumstances, to inflame ill-feeling between two countries because the violent in one loudly censure what the calmest and wisest in the other do not approve?

These questions come properly and forcibly from an Englishman who is in the fullest sympathy with us, and who feels how necessary to civilization is peace between America and England. Yet he, upon his side, will certainly understand that it is not very agreeable for a nation, struggling as we are, to be savagely attacked because of an unauthorized act of a single officer in a foreign port, before the facts are known, and before the Government or public opinion have had a chance to express themselves; and that it is especially disagreeable, coming from a maritime nation whose history is full of exactly such acts, and which bursts into full cry against us, not because of its regard for neutral rights, but from its great jealousy of our power and prosperity.

The motive of Professor SMITH'S letter, deprecation of fanning the hostile flame between England and the United States, will command the sympathetic approval of every sagacious and patriotic American, and he has earned the right to say what he does, because he has never hesitated to denounce in the boldest and most forcible strain the conduct of his own country in suffering herself to become the base of rebel piracies upon our commerce. His hope is, as the hope of all true men must be, that the better America and the better England will not allow themselves to be dragged into the mire of mere bravado and reciprocal insult.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

IT will be shameful if the public attention now directed to the danger and discomfort of railway travel in this country does not lead to greater safety and convenience. There is at the present moment nothing more uncertain than a railway train. There is nothing regular upon the roads but irregularity. No traveler is now so wild as to expect to make connections. Every traveler is grateful if he arrives two or three hours behind time with a whole skin. Every line is overcrowded with passengers and freight. The trains toil along from point to point, and patience never had so universal an opportunity for doing her perfect work. One hapless gentleman reports that he recently waited two hours at Utica upon the Central Road, reached New York two hours behind time upon the Hudson Road, and Boston four hours late upon the Massachusetts Western Road. He declares that he now makes his arrangements to arrive a day late, and so insures himself against disappointment.

The delays would be more tolerable if comfort could be secured. But money loses its power when you take a train. Money will buy you comfort and seclusion every where else but in the cars. You may dine for fifty cents or five dollars at any restaurant; you may choose your hotel and your rooms in it, and be alone or in the crowd; but in the train you have no choice. Your money is bewitched and paralyzed. You must pay six dollars to go to Boston, or three dollars to Albany or Philadelphia; but you must sit cheek by jowl with drunkards and rowdies, and no amount of money that you would gladly pay can protect you. There are plenty of decent people with whom you would willingly sit, but you can not do it. You must inhale the fumes of whisky, you must hear the ribaldry of profanity and indecency, and thank God that your legs and neck are not broken by the gracious Railroad Company.

A gentleman was lately traveling at night upon the New York Central Road with his wife, who was an invalid. A huge, hulking fellow came in and sat down by the stove and began to smoke a pipe. The smell and smoke were very unpleasant to the lady, and the gentleman, going to the smoker, mildly told him that smoking was not allowed in the car. The reply was a whiff. After a little time the gentleman asked the smoker if he would be kind enough to lay aside his pipe, as it made the lady sick. The reply was a surly grunt of refusal. Thereupon the gentleman knocked the pipe out of the smoker's mouth; and there would have been a serious row except for the timely entry of the conductor and the remonstrance of other passengers. The incident is not the exception, it is almost the rule. When the Central Railroad asks the Legislature this winter for the power to raise the rate of fare, why should not the Legislature require the Company to put upon every train cars of different prices, that those who wish decency in travel, and who do not wish to sit with drunkards and blackguards, can be accommodated? At a hotel, if people prefer the company of the bar-room, they go there and sit; but what would be thought of a hotel which compelled every body to sit in the bar-room?

There are smoking-cars upon all the trains, says some railroad director. Very well, if people choose to smoke in the other cars at night, and to fight if you complain, it may be possible to carry the point after a struggle that the offender shall go into the smoking-car, but why not prevent the chance? A man *may* come into your room at a hotel with his pipe, but the chances are against it. The obvious course is to do what can be easily done to secure comfort. Why not have a drunken car instead of condemning all the passengers to the society of a sot? Another gentleman upon the Erie Railway describes a fellow marching up and down the car, flourishing his whisky-bottle and stumping every body who did not vote for M'CLELLAN to step forth and be chastised. The conductor did not even attempt to remove him.

There is no reason whatever why every railroad company should not be compelled to protect passengers from such discomfort. In England, and upon the continent of Europe, there are three classes of cars, and the traveler is infinitely more comfortable than upon our higgledy-piggledy roads. The truth is, that our whole system of railroad travel, in point of safety and comfort, is entirely behind the age.

"REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

MANY of the daily papers justly censure the absurd prophecies of the Associated Press that "General —— is fully prepared for any force that may be brought against him," or the special dispatch which asserts that "a gentleman has just arrived who declares that the fate of HOOD'S army is sealed if he follows up General THOMAS," all of which remarks were tolerable enough before the battle of Bull Run, three years ago last July, but have been simply silly ever since.

But while the papers justly censure such folly, why do they print it? If they omitted it they would gain both the space occupied by the silly dispatch and by their own indignant comments upon it, while its publication merely depresses the public mind, which has learned to find in these foolish boasts of the Associated Press dispatches only the most frightened whistling to keep up courage. Henceforth let every respectable newspaper omit them, and we shall all be gainers.

LITERARY.

"THE Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen," edited by G. A. WARD (LITTLE & BROWN), is a new edition of a work published some years since. Mr. CURWEN was a Colonial Tory who left Salem in Massachusetts, where he was an Admiralty Judge, after the battle of Lexington, and went to Philadelphia; but finding that patriotism was inconveniently hot in that city, after being singed a little, he embarked for England, and remained there until after the close of the war. He was sixty years old when he left his country, and an old man when he returned. His Journal is the best account of the foreign residence of the Tory refugees during the Revolution, and is full of interesting details of the English life and men of that time. Mr. CURWEN

was evidently a prim, precise Puritan, by no means cast in the heroic mould, but a lover of his native land and a very sagacious observer of events, as his letters, no less than the diary, show. It was no light trial to be torn away from his home, his wife, his position, his fortune, his long habits of methodical comfort, at an age when most men abhor change, and to be thrust out over the ocean, friendless, poor, and in extremely low spirits. His spirits indeed were permanently low; and it is droll to read his dry, cold inventory of the famous places and objects he saw, which he jots down as a man in unhappy circumstances mechanically repeats a prayer, totally unconscious of the words. The book is a curious and valuable sidelight in the history of that time.

To a wide circle it has a peculiar interest also from the name of its editor, GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Mr. WARD was a descendant of Judge CURWEN, and died very recently, after this handsome volume was in print. He was perhaps to his death the finest living representative of the old Essex County Federalist. His hostility to "TOM JEFFERSON" was as earnest in 1864 as that of the Hartford Convention in 1814; and his familiar knowledge of our political history and men made him a most entertaining and instructive companion. Mr. WARD was one of the most genial and generous of men. He had the simplicity of a child with the courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. Age could not wither the victorious cheerfulness of his nature, nor his faith in noble principles, nor his patriotic fidelity. He encountered and surmounted many misfortunes with unquerulous patience; and toward the end of his life, after more than one warning of a sudden death, which he received undismayed, he returned to his native place, and at once sympathizing in all its interests, a good citizen and a true, brave, tender-hearted man, he was busy to the very last, and upon returning to his home some weeks since from a flower-show, sank quietly asleep, and was seen of men no more.

"The Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Scott" (SHELDONS). This is a work which has been awaited with curious expectation. The author has been a part of our history for half a century. He has been upon familiar terms with many of our most famous men. He has been often behind the scenes, and now as the curtain is about falling upon his own part the veteran actor steps to the front and makes his farewell speech. There is something pathetic in the position which disarms criticism. As the eye falls upon him the spectator remembers the services he has performed, recalls the good intention rather than the inadequate fulfillment, and as the player leaves the stage is disposed to bid him a kindly farewell. Why did he not bow silently and retire? Why should he speak who can not speak wisely? Why publish a book which if not mentioned at all is a mortification, and if mentioned must be described truly? And the simple truth is, that this is one of the most unsatisfactory books ever published. It has none of the especial charm of memoirs, that delightful, genial picture of the private lives of public men and relation of characteristic incident which, if grave history disdains to note, is yet the most delightful episode of history. The book tells in a clumsy way what was already known of its author's services; but as a picture of American life and men during the long life of General SCOTT it is worthless. The preface remarks the want in our literature of proper personal memoirs, and the work then proceeds in two volumes to make that want more obvious and deplorable. The book will not injure the national gratitude to General SCOTT for his faithful and undoubted patriotic service; it will be merely counted among those acts which all his sincere friends will regret and the country hasten to forget

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"From Dan to Beersheba: Travels in the Holy Land," by Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D D (HARPERS.) A simple, earnest, valuable book, describing Jerusalem and the usual tour in the Holy Land, but so careful and exact in its details and descriptions that it is an admirable *vade-mecum* for the traveler and a capital manual of reference for the student. Dr. NEWMAN describes an attack of the Bedouins upon his party, sixteen against four, in which the clerical author and his friends showed themselves to be efficient doctors of the Church Militant. Every Eastern traveler will turn the pages of this modest and well-illustrated volume with peculiar interest.

"Margaret Denzil's History" (HARPERS) is one of those stories which are so good that we all hear of them before we read them. This one has excited so much interest as it appeared serially that, as if some unusual origin must be found for so remarkable a tale, it has been attributed to several noted persons, and, among others, to Queen VICTORIA. But it is very clear that if that good lady had been capable of writing such a book she would not have waited until now to reveal her power. "Margaret Denzil's History" is doubtless a woman's book, and one of those which must be read by every one who would be familiar with the remarkable variety of literary power which, in our day, seeks its expression in the novel.

"Under the Ban" (*Le Maudit*) (HARPERS) is another representative book. It is a highly-wrought, exciting, even exasperating tale, descriptive of the subtle influence and the inexorable method of Jesuitism. For the American reader it has an extraordinary interest, and for every reader a profound warning.

"The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed," by LEIGH HUNT (ROBERTS BROTHERS). This is a fresh and truly beautiful edition of one of the most delightful series of essays in English literature. They are genial, dainty, delicate little treatises upon familiar topics and daily experiences, graced with all the charms of the poet's fancy, and garnished with the spoils of that elegant culture which was so marked in LEIGH HUNT. The publishers will be cordially thanked for giving so fair a form to so choice a work, and so timely and fit for a gift-book.

"Arizona and Sonora: the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America," by SYLVESTER MOWRY, of Arizona. (HARPERS.) A compact, plain, and detailed account of the mineral resources of the region, given often in the words of the official authorities. It is full of useful and apparently accurate information.

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And, like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
At Winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all dreary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leap the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain,
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent fears;
And then how dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindles youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be;
And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity.
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 5, the Thirty-eighth Congress assembled at Washington to hold its second and last session. In the Senate 37 members were present. After prayer by the Chaplain, and after the usual notice to the House that the Senate was ready for business, the credentials of Mr. Nathan A. Farwell, appointed to fill Mr. Fessenden's place as Senator from Maine, were presented, and he was duly sworn into office. It was resolved that the Senate should meet at twelve o'clock until otherwise ordered. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered a bill authorizing the construction of six revenue cutters for service on the lakes, and appropriating for that purpose one million dollars. Mr. Lane introduced a bill for the relief (by payment from the Treasury) of the Kansas militia, who had been engaged in repelling the recent invasion of Missouri.

In the House, 150 members answered to their names A committee, consisting of Messrs. Washburne, Pendleton, and Fenton, was appointed to join the committee from the Senate, consisting of Messrs. Foot, Conness, and Hendricks, to wait on the President and inform him that both Houses were ready to receive any communication he might be pleased to make. Mr. Dwight Townsend, elected in place of Mr. Stebbins, of New York, resigned, was sworn in. Mr. Charles D. Poston was qualified as Delegate from Arizona. The credentials of five Louisiana members, purporting to be elected in pursuance of the new constitution of that State, were referred to the Committee on Elections. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, offered a protest from Louisiana against their admission, which was also referred. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, offered a resolution that the President be requested to communicate the report made by Colonel Thomas M. Key of a meeting between himself and General Howell Cobb, June 14, 1862, on the banks of the Chickahominy, on the subject of the exchange of prisoners. Objected to by Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, and lies over. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, offered a resolution that the Committee of Ways and Means, with a view to lessen the cost of the necessaries of life, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tariff on coffee, sugar, tea, and similar articles. On motion of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, the resolution was tabled, 63 to 49. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution that the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a sinking fund at an early day for the gradual extinction of the public debt. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means, if they amended the Revenue bill at all, to lay a tax on all stocks of domestic liquors on hand. Carried, 53 to 51.

The only changes which have taken place since the last session are the following: In the Senate, George R. Riddle takes the place of James Bayard, resigned, for Maryland; from Maine, Farwell takes the place of Secretary Fessenden; and Bowden does not return. Bowden, together with Carlile, represented Virginia in the last session. The two Senators from Louisiana are R. K. Cutler and Charles Smith. In the House, E. C. Ingersoll takes the place of Lovejoy, deceased, for Illinois; Samuel Knox that of Frank Blair, Jun., resigned, for Missouri; Dwight Townsend that of Stebbins, for New York. Governor Fenton holds his seat until the commencement of his gubernatorial term.

The appointment by the President of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of the late Chief-Justice Taney, deceased, was received by the Senate December 6, and immediately confirmed.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was transmitted to Congress December 6. It is a brief but comprehensive document. The President regards the condition of our Foreign affairs as reasonably satisfactory. In this connection he dwells at length on our relations with the South American States. Alluding to the progress of the Republic of Liberia, he solicits authority to furnish the republic with a gun-boat to protect it against the native African races, and to facilitate its operations in arresting the slave-trade. The President briefly alludes to the two projects to connect America with Europe, the one by sea and the other by land, as satisfactorily under way. He refers to the temporary difficulties which, after the decease of Consul-General Thayer, resulted in a suspension of intercourse between Egypt and the United States; to the suppression of the Chinese rebellion, and the opening of the inland sea in Japan. After mentioning that the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola have been opened to the world, he proceeds to the consideration of the difficulties on the Canadian border. He recommends that notice be given to the British Government that after the expiration of six months the United States must feel at liberty to increase their naval armament upon the Lakes, if they shall find it necessary to do so.

The President also recommends an amendment of the act for the encouragement of emigration which shall prevent the practice of fraud against immigrants on their way hither or on their arrival in port, so as to secure them a free choice of avocations and places of settlement. He reports that the enterprise for connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States has been entered upon with a vigor which gives promise of success, notwithstanding the embarrassments from the high prices of labor and material. The route of the main line of the road has been definitely located for one hundred miles westward from the central point at Omaha City, Nebraska; and a preliminary location of the Pacific Railroad of California has been made from Sacramento, eastward, to the great bend of Mucker River in Nevada. Numerous discoveries of gold, silver, and cinnabar mines have been added to the many heretofore known; and the country occupied by the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains and the subordinate ranges now teems with enterprising labor, which is richly remunerative.

It is believed that the products of the mines of precious metals in that region have, during the year, reached, if not exceeded, $100,000,000 in value.

The President recommends that further attention be given to the reorganization of the Indian system.

The number of invalid pensioners is 23,479, of which 710 are from the Navy The number of widows and orphans on the Army Pension Rolls is 25,443, the Navy pensioners numbering 793. During the year ending June 30, 1864, $4,504,616 have been paid to pensioners of all classes.

The President alludes to General Sherman's march through Georgia as an evidence of our great increase of relative strength. He states that 12,000 citizens in each of the States of Arkansas and Louisiana have organized loyal State governments with free constitutions, and that movements in a similar direction should not be overlooked. In Maryland an example is presented of complete success.

The President congratulates the country on the fact that the number of voters at the last election in the loyal portion of the country is greater than the corresponding number in 1860, by 145,000, without including 90,000 soldiers who could not vote and the largely augmented population of the Territories. This fact proves that the resources of the nation in respect of men are not in any measure exhausted by the war

Negotiations for peace with the insurgent leader the President regards as impossible, as the latter has so distinctly and frequently declared that he would accept of no terms involving a return to the Union. We are left then to the issue of war. When the Southern people are beaten in the field or by their withdrawal from the field secure the defeat of their leaders, then peace will follow upon victory. In regard to this people the President says:

"They can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the National authority under the Constitution. After so much the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes."

In taking this position the President declares that he retracts nothing heretofore said by him as to slavery. He repeats his former declaration that he will not attempt, while he remains in his present position, to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation. "Nor," adds he, "shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that Proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.

"If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The President recommends that Congress should take the necessary measures to bring before the State Legislatures the proposition for an amendment to the Constitution to abolish Slavery. He considers the popular vote in the recent election to have indicated a desire on the part of the people that such an amendment should be adopted.

The proposition came up at the last session, and was carried in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 6, but was lost in the House, receiving only 95 votes against 66; a two-thirds vote was requisite Twenty-two members of the House did not vote at all

REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Reports of the separate Departments accompany the President's Message.

The fiscal year closed July 1, 1864. The receipts during the year from all sources, including loans and the balance in the Treasury from the previous year, were $1,394,796,007 62; the disbursements, $1,298,056,101 89, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $96,739,905 73. Deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts, $884,076,646 77; disbursements, $865,234,087 86, which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of $18,842,558 71. Of the receipts, there were derived from customs $102,316,152 99; from lands, $588,333 29; from direct taxes, $475,648 96; from internal revenue, $109,741,134 10; from miscellaneous sources, $47,511,448 10; and from loans applied to actual expenditures, including former balance, $623,443,929 13. There were disbursed for the civil service, $27,505,599 46; for pensions and Indians, $7,517,930 97; for the War Department, $60,791,842 97; for the Navy Department, $85,733,292 79; for interest of the public debt, $53,685,421 69, making an aggregate of $865,234,087 86, and leaving a balance in the Treasury of $18,842,558 71, as before stated.

The Secretary of the Treasury favors an increase of taxation to meet the expenses of the war. The entire public debt July 1, 1864, was $1,740,690,489 49. The Secretary is also of the opinion that there should be in the country no banks of issue not authorized by Congress.

The Report of the Secretary of War has not been received.

The Secretary of the Navy reports that, including the vessels under construction December 1, 1864, there are belonging to the Navy 671 vessels, carrying 4610 guns, and 510,396 tons, being an actual increase during the year, over and above all losses by shipwreck or in battle, of 83 vessels, 167 guns, and 42,427 tons. The total number of men at this time in the naval service, including officers, is about 51,000. There have been captured by the navy during the year 324 vessels, and the whole number of naval captures since hostilities commenced is 1379, of which 267 are steamers. The gross proceeds arising from the sale of condemned prize property thus far reported amounts to $14,396,250 51. A large amount of such proceeds is still under adjudication, and yet to be reported. The total expenditure of the Navy Department of every description, including the cost of the immense squadrons that have been called into existence from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 1st of November, 1864, are $238,647,262 35.

The Secretary recommends the construction of a new navy-yard and suitable establishment for the construction and repair of iron vessels. He also recommends the creation of the rank of Vice-Admiral in our naval service.

The postal revenues for the year ending July 1, 1864, amounted to $12,468,253 78, and the expenditures to $12,644,786 20, leaving a deficit of $206,652 42.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The news from Sherman is still indefinite; indeed it is very apparent that the rebel journals are unable to locate his main army with any degree of accuracy. The Mayor of Milledgeville says that the Yankee army has despoiled the citizens of food, and has taken their mules and horses. He also reports the destruction of the railroad bridge and the bridge across the Oconee. The State House and Executive Mansion were uninjured. There is no certain indication that Sherman has moved his main army east of the Oconee, though there are rumors of his having reached Millen. The Richmond *Enquirer* of December 1, on the basis of the report that Sherman had reached Millen, declared its opinion that he would reach the coast in safety. The Richmond *Examiner*, two days afterward, denied the report and predicted Sherman's defeat. It is impossible for us to say whether Sherman's main army is east of the Oconee, or whether the attacks that side of the stream are merely feints made by the cavalry, while the main body is moving between the Oconee and the Ocmulgee toward Brunswick. In the latter case he has a long journey yet before him, and the route is more unfavorable than the one originally selected.

An expedition under General Foster sailed from Port Royal on the 29th of November up Broad River twenty miles to Boyd's Point, where a force was landed which proceeded five miles interior to Pocotaligo Bridge. The bridge, which was on the line of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, was captured. A large quantity of cotton was destroyed. General Foster's expedition was meant to co-operate with Sherman. The rebel journals give accounts of an engagement at Grahamsville between Foster and Hardee, which they represent as having been a drawn battle.

GENERAL GREGG'S RAID.

On the 1st of December General Gregg started southward on a cavalry reconnoissance, by a long detour avoiding the rebel right. He captured Stony Creek Station, taking two guns, which he spiked, nearly two hundred prisoners, and destroying large quantities of property, including 3000 sacks of corn.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Hood's army began to move on the 22d of November. Up to this date Forrest had remained on the Tennessee River, in the neighborhood of Savannah, while the main body of Hood's army was in the vicinity of Florence and Tuscumbia, with its base at Corinth. Forrest's cavalry, amounting to from 12,000 to 15,000, moved westward, Hood at the same time moving northward. Both columns by this advance flanked our positions at Decatur, Huntsville, and Pulaski, which were evacuated on the 23d, Thomas's army falling back on Columbia, 45 miles south of Nashville On the 24th and 25th skirmishing was kept up between our cavalry and General Forrest, the latter being repulsed with the help of the infantry. In the mean time Hood was moving past our left northward across the Duck River and against Spring Hill, to cut off Schofield, who was at Columbia, from Nashville. He had crossed Duck River by the 28th. As soon as this movement was discovered Schofield continued the retreat from Columbia toward Nashville, his flanks being covered by Wilson's cavalry. So vigorous was Hood's pursuit that Forrest caught up with Wilson at Spring Hill on the 29th. A severe fight followed, in which Wilson, assisted by a portion of the infantry, repulsed Forrest. The enemy tried to bring on a general engagement, but our forces withdrew to Franklin, which is on the south side of Big Harpeth River, and 18 miles south from Nashville. The next day, November 30, Hood pressed so closely that Schofield determined to await attack before crossing the river. Breast-works were hastily thrown up south of the river, the army being drawn up in a semicircular line around Franklin. Schofield's head-quarters were established at the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of two corps—the Fourth, under Stanley, and the Twenty-third under Cox; the former held the right, and the latter the left wing. Wagner's Brigade of Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The rebel army consisted of three corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked our lines at half past three P.M. The rebel attack was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending always in repulse. In one of these Major-General Cleburne was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams; and our artillery and hot musketry fire swept and decimated their rank and file. Still the assaults were repeated until at last the two brigades holding the centre wavered and fell back. As the enemy advanced to pursue his advantage, he was encountered by a new line consisting of Colonel Opdyke's brigade. General Stanley ordered Opdyke to restore the line, and himself led a countercharge against the enemy, in which he was wounded. But the rebels were driven back, a large number of them having been captured. The battle continued till night, when, under cover of the darkness, Schofield abandoned Franklin; and having been reinforced by A. J. Smith, the army was concentrated just south of Nashville. In the battle of Franklin the rebel loss was between four and five thousand, ours was about twelve hundred. General Wood has taken command of Stanley's corps during the temporary absence of the latter from the field.

The country around Nashville has been strongly fortified. A large amount of property belonging to rebel sympathizers has been destroyed to facilitate the defense of the city.

NEWS ITEMS.

A few weeks since a party of rebels, duly commissioned by S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of War, organized a conspiracy for the destruction of our commerce on the Pacific. The party, led by Thomas Hogg, and consisting of about twenty men, left Havana at the close of September for Panama, with the intention of taking passage on the *Guatemala*, one of the Panama Railroad line of steamers, and sailing October 25. They arrived at Panama too late, but determined to wait the *Salvador*, which would sail November 10. Their purpose was to seize the vessel at sea and then use her as a privateer against vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In the mean time their conspiracy became known to our officers, and when the party had taken passage on the *Salvador* measures had been completed for their capture. When the vessel was well out to sea it was boarded by 60 men from the United States steamer *Lancaster*, under Commander Davenport, who secured a large number of the conspirators, among them Thomas Hogg. Their papers also were taken.

The resignations of the following named officers have been accepted by the President, to take effect November 20th: Major-General John A. M'Clernand, Brigadier-General E. A. Payne, and Brigadier-General Neal Dow.

Mr. A. W. Thayer has been appointed Consul of Trieste in the place of Richard Hildreth, the historian, obliged to resign on account of ill health.

On November 26 a torpedo was found in one of the berths of the Sound steamer *City of New London*, supposed to have been placed there by some secessionist, just before the vessel started from New York. The fuse had been lighted, but fortunately became extinguished before ignition of the torpedo was effected.

General Merrit, with a large force of cavalry, is thoroughly clearing out guerrillas from Loudon County, Virginia, destroying every thing that can be of service to men or horses, and effectually breaking up the rebel plans for pillaging in Maryland.

General Banks has returned to New Orleans to resume the command of the Department of the Gulf.

General Humphrey has assumed command of the Second Corps, as successor to General Hancock. Rebel deserters report that General Ewell's Corps has gone southward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

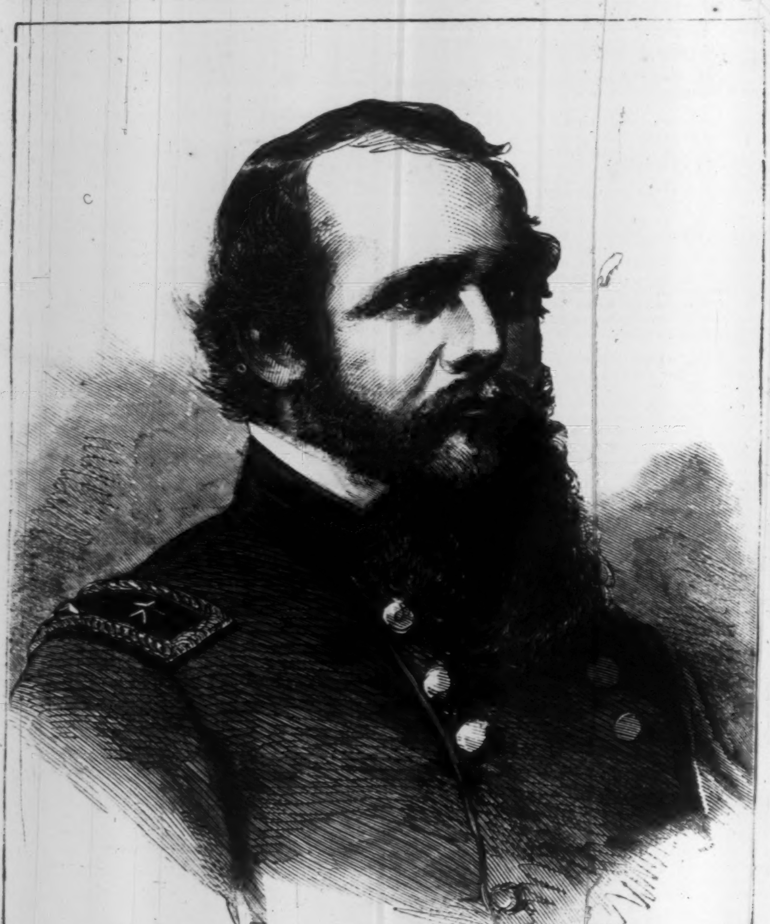
FRANZ MULLER, the murderer, was executed November 14. Up to the last moment he protested his innocence. His ghostly adviser, who was one of his own countrymen, stood by him till the last, and he reports that just before Muller was swung off he confessed the murder in these words: "*Ich habe es gethan*—I have done it."

GREECE.

The new Constitution passed the Assembly November 1. The discussion had been protracted to such a length that his Majesty King George was obliged to step in and inform the wranglers that if they did not complete their work within a month he should reserve to himself liberty of action, throwing the responsibility on the Assembly. He also advocated the creation of a Council of State to take the place of the suppressed Senate. Indeed, his ministers declared that the King would sign the Constitution only on this condition. The royal order had its effect, and the King's proposal was adopted by a vote of 126 to 124.

BRAZIL.

Our Consul-General at Rio Janeiro on the 14th of October addressed a letter to Señor Pedro Dias Vieira, Brazilian Secretary of Foreign Affairs, offering ample reparation for the capture of the *Florida* by Captain Collins.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

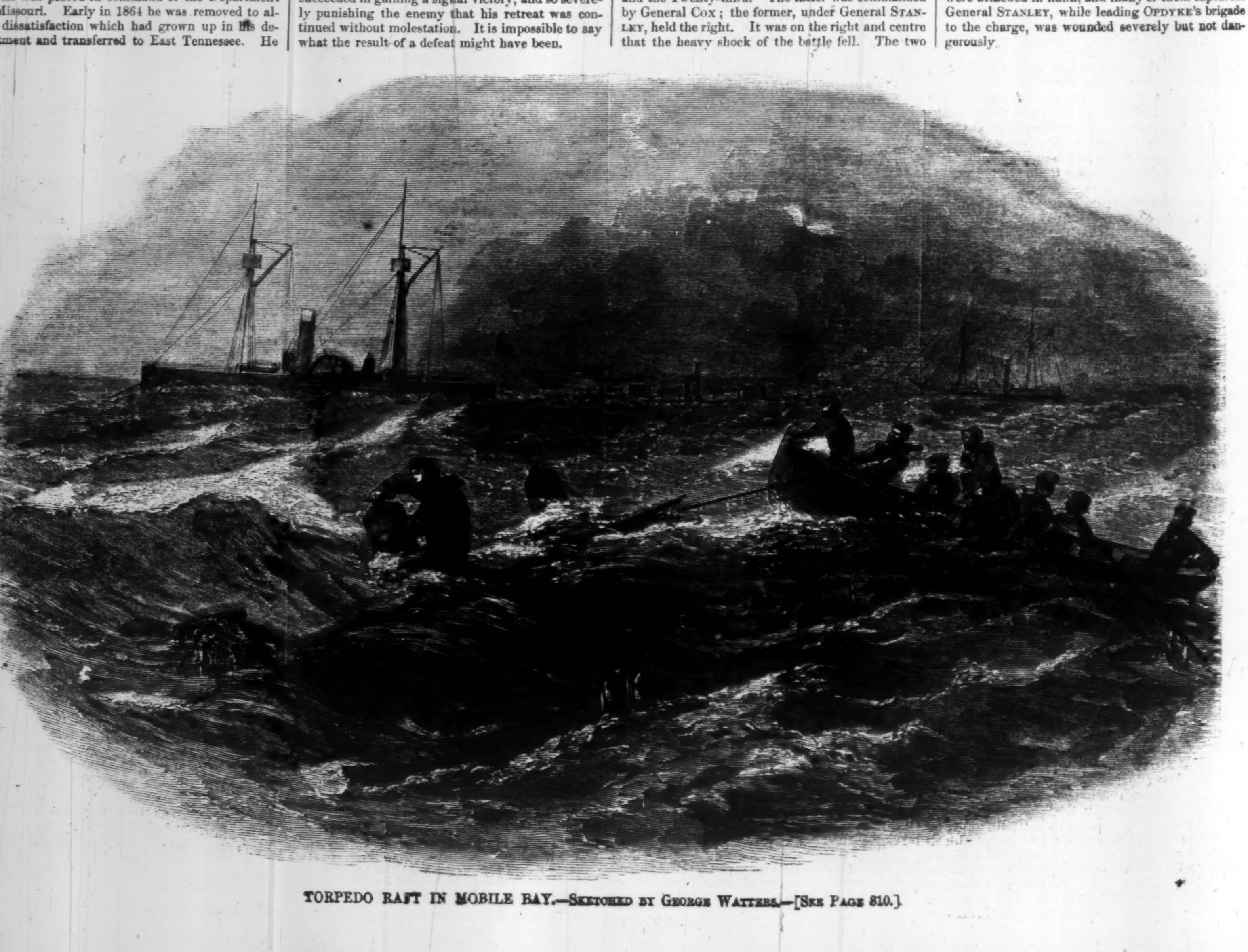
GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

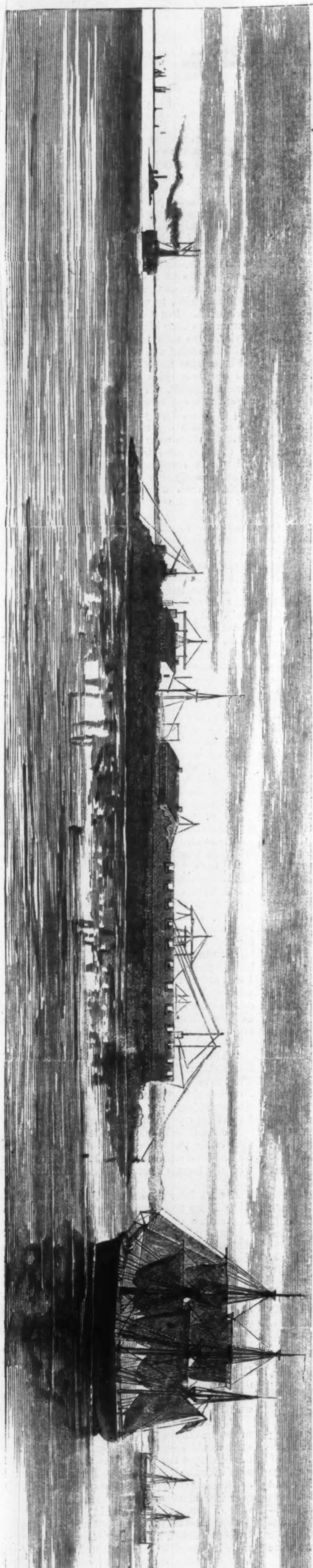
GENERAL JOHN M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD, who commanded the Federal troops engaged in the recent battle at Franklin, was born in Chatauqua County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1853, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He was at an early period of the war connected with the operations in Missouri. He was with General LYON at the battle of Wilson's Creek. Upon the removal of General CURTIS he was placed in command of the Department of Missouri. Early in 1864 he was removed to allay dissatisfaction which had grown up in his department and transferred to East Tennessee. He took a prominent part in General SHERMAN'S summer campaign; and when the latter started upon his grand march through Georgia, he was left with General THOMAS to assist in the campaign against General HOOD. General SCHOFIELD, in his conduct of the retreat of our forces upon Nashville, has given fresh evidence of his distinguished ability as a soldier. The battle at Franklin was forced upon him by the pressure on his rear of a rebel force outnumbering his own command, and little time was afforded him for defensive preparations. But he succeeded in gaining a signal victory, and so severely punishing the enemy that his retreat was continued without molestation. It is impossible to say what the result of a defeat might have been.

GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

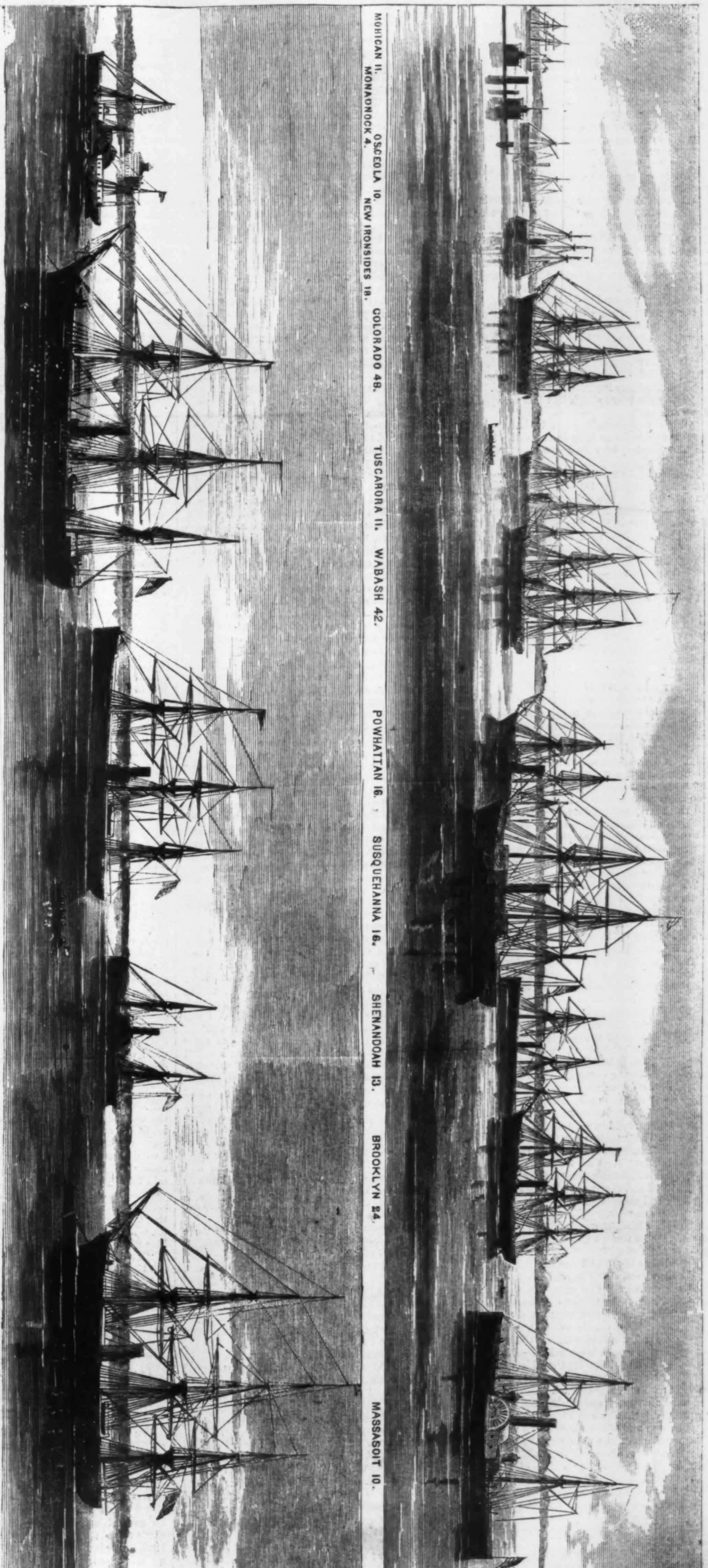
GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, who so notably distinguished himself in the battle of Franklin, is a native of Ohio. In the year 1861 he fought in Missouri, and in the subsequent year followed the advance of our Western armies, after the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10, into Mississippi. In the battle of Corinth he led the brilliant charge which crowned the victory of the day. In the battle of Franklin two corps were engaged, the Fourth and the Twenty-third. The latter was commanded by General COX; the former, under General STANLEY, held the right. It was on the right and centre that the heavy shock of the battle fell. The two brigades holding the centre were WAGNER'S of the Fourth and RILEY'S of the Twenty-third Corps. CHEATHAM'S entire corps of the rebel army, supported by LEE'S, fell upon this portion of our line in repeated charges, and at last, after several repulses, broke through. Two of the rebel leaders had already fallen, CLEBURNE and ADAMS. The centre broken, Colonel OPDYKE'S brigade, which lay behind in reserve, confronted the enemy's advance. STANLEY came up at this crisis, and ordered OPDYKE to restore the broken line. The advancing rebels were attacked in flank, and many of them captured. General STANLEY, while leading OPDYKE'S brigade to the charge, was wounded severely but not dangerously.



TORPEDO RAFT IN MOBILE BAY.—SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.—[SEE PAGE 810.]



FORT WOOL (RIP RAPS), HAMPTON ROADS.—Sketched by John Everding.—[See Page 810.]



OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.—Sketched by John Everding.—[See Page 810.]

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WE were the last of our family, and Robert was an invalid.

Looking up from the cluster of purple grapes I was embroidering on a pair of slippers for him, one early October day, he said,

"There are *real* grapes down in the meadow, Margy; suppose we take a walk."

"Agreed."

Dropping the worsted work, I was ready in a moment.

We went out through the kitchen entrance, cautioned by Aunt Hannah not to stroll too far. In the orchard lane the apple-trees, bending beneath their burden of red and golden fruit, swept the ground on either side, awaiting the autumnal harvester. They spoke silently of our white-haired father, who, since the last autumn, had been gathered to the heavenly harvest. They were his trees, planted by his own hand. "Who, in the coming years, would eat the fruit of his labor?" I reflected sorrowfully, and attempted to hide a tear by stooping to pick up a winter apple.

"Throw it away, sister; it is too hard."

"It is not the apple which is too hard, Robert," I replied, choking with my ill-timed words.

"Don't, Margy!"

He took the hand which had just dropped the apple and said,

"What a pleasant day it is! How brightly the sun shines down here in the valley! And the hills yonder, who ever saw them robed so royally?"

Royal indeed they looked in their forest garments of crimson, gold, and purple. For the time my thoughts were diverted.

"Fringed gentians!" I exclaimed, as we passed the meadow stile. "Look, Robert! They are my autumn favorites; coming with the frost, as though they would comfort the earth for the loss of her summer flowers. I used to have a fancy that angels sowed the seed of the fringed gentian."

I was an enthusiast amidst the flowers of every season. Often in childhood had I knelt reverently to kiss the first spring liverwort or blue violet; and all my life since I have loved them, in sorrow and in joy; and hope to love them still, and recognize my earthly favorites when I pass the "dark river" to the land of immortals.

Robert smiled, either at the warmth of my words or the simplicity of the fancy. His was a calmer, loftier nature than mine, flowing serenely amidst the droughts and overflows of life, like a rich river fed from unfailing springs.

"I think this a very pretty flower," he said, pulling a spike of the wax-like neottia. I am no botanist, Margy, but why is not this an orchis?"

"Because it is only an orchid," I replied, "and favors an orchis just as you and Cousin Lib Hunt favor one another. She has the broad forehead and Roman nose of the Millers, while her other features are *alii generis.* Look here! That neottia is an orchis just as this splendid cardinal-flower is a campanula. Some botanists call them both *campanulacea.*"

We went forward slowly, talking as we went of the natural resemblances and distinctive features of plants, until we came to Spring Brook.

"I used to carry you over," Robert said; "but you are a little too heavy for me now. We must go along to the stepping-stones."

The grape-vine was on a small island formed by a division of the current. Smooth stones had been planted in the stream by my brothers when boys, to facilitate the passage to and from the island. We could go nowhere but some memorial of our lost ones was visible.

The rich odor of the grapes regaled us from afar.

"I know there are a plenty," I said, hastening forward to the natural arbor formed by the alders and overspreading vine. "Oh, Robert! there never were so many before!"

His cheeks were crimson, and his eyes shone with an unwonted lustre as he entered the shady inclosure. I mistook it for pleasant excitement.

"I declare, brother, you are better for the walk already. And do look at these grapes! Won't Aunt Hannah's eyes stare when she comes to see them and count over her jars of prospective jelly and marmalade?"

"They are very fine," was his quiet remark, as he threw himself wearily down on the mossy grass. "Can you get as many as you wish without my assistance?"

"Twice as many as I can carry home."

I had only a small hand-basket. To fill it was the work of a few minutes only. Then I gathered the ripest, fairest clusters I could find for Robert, who I knew would never recline so indolently but for weariness and weakness.

We sat a few minutes eating the grapes and watching the sun as it peered through the vine-leaves and slanted among the alders, which already stretched their shadows across the stream to the green meadow beyond.

"The afternoons are getting shorter and cooler, Margy. Shall we go?"

We arose and walked homeward very slowly. Aunt Hannah met us at the stile with a

"Dear-a-me, children, 'tis gittin' late, and too cool for Robert, I'm afraid. 'Tis clear as a bell, though; and a grain of white frost wouldn't surprise me none to-morrow morning."

"It might spoil your grapes though, and there's a bushel left on the vine."

I handed her the basket, and she praised them as I expected.

Robert lagged, though assured by Aunt Hannah that tea was all on the table, and such a tea as would rest him if ever so tired. Our housekeeper's "teas" were an institution, and that afternoon she had "laid herself out." Her table was spread with the snowiest damask, and adorned with the silver tea-service and gold-flowered china, seldom used except for guests. Then her cream biscuit, tender tea-cake, and preserved strawberries would never hurt the sickest person, she said. How pleasant it looked, as we entered the room, the setting sun streaming in through a western window and a bright fire blazing on the hearth!

"What an Aunt Hannah!" Robert exclaimed, surveying the cheerful scene, and appropriating the stuffed arm-chair which she had located in his favorite corner.

Those few words from Robert were more to the good woman than whole volumes of praise from another.

"Now, Robert," she said, after bustling around a few minutes, "seeing as you are tired, let me just wheel the arm-chair up to the table for once. Somehow I want you to enjoy the supper to-night extraordinary."

"You want to spoil me 'extraordinary,'" he rejoined, pleasantly, at the same time allowing her to have her own way. It was soon apparent, however, that all her tempting viands could not give him an appetite; and though he praised her toast, and chipped beef, and berries, he scarcely tasted them, and asked to be excused that he might sit by the fire. My own appetite failed the moment he left the table.

As soon as the candles were lighted Aunt Hannah brought the backgammon board and bade us play while she did up the chores. We tried a game, but neither caring to win, we played without interest. Then I opened the piano and tried to sing, but my voice was husky and the instrument out of tune, like every thing else.

Our lodging-rooms were on the second floor, the hall between them. Ever since our father's death we had left the doors open at night, the house seemed so large and desolate. It was a comfort when lying awake long, silent hours, thinking of the empty rooms and the row of new-made graves, to hear the faintest stir of kindred life from another apartment. Often a sigh had reached my ears in the shadowy night time, when the invalid dreamed not I was awake to his grief and care. Often a sob did I suppress, lest its sound should add to his weight of sorrow. But we never spoke to one another of our desolation, or of our fears. Night after night I had lain awake listening to the hacking cough that fell on my ears like another death-knell; sometimes creeping softly into the hall and crouching down beside his door that I might be nearer to him, and yet for the world would not have had him know my anxiety. Aunt Hannah prepared sirups without number, and every night placed them on the stand beside his bed. I had a feeling that any thing I might offer to do would wound them both.

That night Robert retired early. I heard his retreating footsteps, and sat down by the fire again in such agony of spirit as never manifests itself in tender emotion. Well for Aunt Hannah, when she crept softly down from his chamber and took her knitting-work to wind up the day with busy hands, that she did not as usual sigh, "Poor Robert!" I might have flown upon her in my frantic mood, and demanded if she would kill him with her soft words as she had done the others. But the good God did not permit me to outrage the faithful heart which had borne our burdens for years, and I thank Him for it.

She did not appear to observe any change in my manner, but sat with her mind apparently absorbed in thoughts as far removed from her knitting as mine were from heavenly peace and joy. My wayward heart softened with silence, and when the old lady suggested it was growing late, and asked if she should bury the fire, now reduced to a few brands, I only answered, I was not ready, and would see to the fire myself.

How long I sat watching the fading of those brands to embers I can not tell. Not a sound was in the house except the sound of that dry, unyielding cough from the room above, magnified by the solemn quietude of the night, and startling me almost to madness. "Could not I pray for peace of mind?" suggested a compassionate angel. "Could not I pray for Robert?"

Pray? On my bended knees I would have uttered only blasphemies. I would have said, "Unequal are thy dispensations of good and evil, Sovereign of the Universe! Thou knowest we have not wronged Thee, that Thou shouldst thus load us with chastisements, while others are crowned with blessings!"

I assumed no attitude of prayer. The "eye that seeth in secret," and readeth the "thoughts and intents of the heart," marked all the scorn and irreverence of mine. It was the same heart which, when a child, I had carried weak and trembling to the heavenly altar; the very same poor heart which, bruised and broken oft, had never before arrayed itself against Infinite Goodness.

Only gray ashes lay like a mould on the hearth-stone when I arose and stole like a culprit to my chamber, shading the light as I went, lest its rays should shine into my brother's room. I paused a moment—all was silent. I would have gone in and pressed a kiss upon his lips, but feared to disturb him. Not against him, my dear, noble brother, was my heart hardened, but against our Father in heaven!

I lay down, but not to sleep. I heard a choking sound, like a restrained sob; then a smothered cough, which soon burst forth with more violence from the very effort to check it. Rising with nervous energy I ran across the hall, and the next moment, with my arms clasped firmly around him, exclaimed,

"This is too bad! God knows it is wicked and cruel! My poor, darling brother!"

"Margy! oh, Margy! don't say such things," he said, faintly, at the same time laying his head upon my shoulder, as if quite exhausted. "We are weak; but God is strong, and wise, and good!"

Had any one else made the assertion at that moment I would have disputed it, but could not distress him further with my impiety.

"Are you worse, Robert?" I whispered.

With the words my heart melted, and tears gushed forth in torrents. Robert wept too, and folded his arms tenderly around me. It was the first time our hearts had opened to one another in all our grief.

Aunt Hannah's prophecy was correct. There was frost the next morning, feathery and white on the lowlands. I knew it before I arose. My lungs seemed pierced with a hundred minute spears.

The fire burned cheerfully in the breakfast-room, as it burned the evening before. We tried to be cheerful too, and to speak and act as though the past night, with its sore anguish, had been only a dream. Breakfast over, I sat down to put the finishing touch to Robert's slippers, while he read the papers—not aloud, for he was too hoarse to speak much above a whisper.

"Margy, listen to this advertisement," he said, after a period of silence:

"'FOR NEW ORLEANS—TOUCHING AT HAVANA AND KEY WEST—The new steam-ship *Republic.* Commodious state-rooms, and every accommodation for invalids.'

"How would you like a sea-voyage, and a winter at the South?"

"Better than any thing in the world, Robert!" I answered, quickly, for with the thought sprang a new hope for my brother. "Why have we not thought of it before? I am certain it would cure you, my dear brother!"

"I believe it would be of more lasting benefit to you than to me, Margy. We will think about it."

All day the subject was discussed. In the evening we told Aunt Hannah we had decided to sail from New York in five days. After the first surprise she appeared to approve the plan, and entered into our arrangements heartily. She said, "she and the 'hired man' could make every thing snug before winter set in, and get the farming all started in the spring against our return."

Aunt Hannah had managed every thing since our father's death, and was more faithful to our interest than to her own.

We were far from rich, but had bank-stock sufficient for prospective expenses and more; so there would be no mortgage on the farm.

The new idea possessed me entirely, and lifted me quite above grief and despondency. The traveling trunks were brought forward and packed almost as cheerfully as though the winter journey were a pleasure-hunt instead of a pilgrimage for health. Only when Aunt Hannah insisted on a little roll of flannel, or a bundle of old linen which we *might* need, she said, would my heart sink for a moment.

"Just to please her, had we better let it go, Robert?" I asked, aside.

He answered, "Of course."

Careful Aunt Hannah! Often had we to bless her wise foresight when far away.

The last day at home was sad, in spite of our best efforts to the contrary. Neighbors came to offer assistance and kind wishes, and though their words were as encouraging as possible, something in their looks and tones made me almost regret the step we were taking. They had been with us, and wept with us when the great billows of affliction were beating over our young heads. Was it singular we should feel reluctant to exchange such kind friends for strangers, untried, unproven?

Robert felt the parting more deeply than I. I suspected it at the time. For two or three days Aunt Hannah and he took little walks together, which I was not permitted to share. The last evening a particular friend of my father's accompanied them.

Up to the latest moment not a thing was left unsaid or undone by Aunt Hannah. Her last meal was spread for us to look at and remember, for we could not eat. Robert went silently from room to room, pausing before this and that familiar object, then stood with hat in hand waiting for me in the hall. I heard the carriage at the door—heard the driver strapping the trunks behind it, and stood spell-bound in my chamber unable to take the first step. At that moment I would have given all I had in the world to remain. Then the thought of Robert and his certain fate inspired me with fresh courage.

Aunt Hannah was standing at the foot of the stairs holding one of Robert's hands when I joined them. She took one of mine, and clasping them together in her great bony palm said, with a look a saint might wear,

"The God of your father and your mother—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be with you, my children, and keep you forever."

No one uttered Amen! But I saw the word tremble on my brother's lips as he put his arms around the good woman's neck for a last kiss. The neighbors were all standing with tearful eyes at the door waiting a parting hand-shake as we entered the carriage.

Two days afterward we were on the *Republic,* sailing southward.

CHAPTER II.

WE made no stay at Havana. After taking a drive around the city Robert said he had decided to go to Key West without change of steamer. If we did not like there, we could go on to New Orleans or return to Cuba. We had learned in New York that an old and valued friend of our father's was stationed at Fort Taylor as post surgeon. We were sure of our father's friend; and the welcome accorded by the kind physician and his family proved we were not mistaken.

Key West is one of the largest of the innumerable little islets that encircle the southern coast of Florida. Its name is said to be a corruption of the Spanish *Cay Huessa* or *Isle of Bones.* The Key is a coral formation, about five miles in length, and a mile or so in width. The waters all around the island are of a beautiful emerald tint, contrasting strongly with the deep blue of the ocean beyond. Fort Taylor, on the southwest point of the Key, is built of brick, with a foundation of solid stone-work. Three sides of this strong fortress, semi-hexagonal in form, are washed by the sea, while the diameter, or the side facing the island, is also separated from the land by a wide ditch, through which the tide flows constantly. The city is nothing more than a country-looking town, half-hidden in groves of cocoa-nut trees. It promised abundant repose of the very kind we needed—repose blended with novelty. We were pleased with the place at first sight, and determined to remain.

That evening found us comfortably established at the principal hotel, seated out upon its wide veranda, and conversing with Doctor M'L—— on the distracted condition of the country and the prospects of a civil war. He was an unswerving Unionist; so was Judge M——, and a few others also, to whom we were subsequently introduced. But it did not take long to discover that on this little island, beneath the flag of Fort Taylor, were men busy in sowing the seeds of political discord and rebellion.

For a time Robert seemed to gain strength, and our daily rides and drives over the island were delightful. The flower-gardens to me were a rich source of pleasure. Such a profusion of roses, cape jasmines, and crape myrtles I was certain was never seen elsewhere. The lowliest cabins were embowered in bloom, and for the first time in my life I had flowers to satiety. I sometimes fancied their ceaseless perfume a disgust to Robert, who once remarked, when we were riding, that "tropical flowers were too sweet; he liked the scent of apple orchards better than orange groves." Another time we sat on the veranda at evening; he complained of the sickening odor of the jasmines, and said the most agreeable of all flower-scents was that of the garden pink. We had a whole border edged with them at home. I think he was homesick.

As the winter wore on we grew tired of Key West. It seemed too circumscribed and isolated either for healthy development or hearty enjoyment. Its great cocoa-nuts, majestic palms, and hundred-hued flowers ceased to interest when Robert grew no better. Notwithstanding the many eulogiums on the climate the atmosphere was too damp for an invalid, and we began to talk of change. We spoke of Cuba; Robert did not like the idea of Havana. We spoke next of New Orleans; but it was too near spring to render New Orleans a desirable place of residence. Besides, the secession troubles were waxing warmer and warmer every day, and were likely to render the social atmosphere of a large Southern city uncongenial to strangers who sought only for health and peace.

We were debating the subject one morning when Doctor M'L—— came in. "Where shall we go next, Doctor, since we have resolved to leave the Island?" Robert asked.

"I have been thinking about it since you mentioned the subject the other day," he replied, "and have made up my mind what I would do in your place. I would go to Tampa Bay. There is a thriving little settlement there around Fort Brooke, with the best climate in the world for both summer and winter. It is entirely sheltered from east winds, and refreshed by perpetual breezes from the Gulf. Broken down in health, I was ordered there on duty during the Florida war, and after a year's residence came away renovated and strong. Don't think of the North another summer, but go there and stay until you are benefited."

Political troubles were suggested.

"Even if they should become more serious," the Doctor replied, "I don't think they would be likely to affect you there much, as it is a place of no political importance. Communications with the Island here are of weekly occurrence; and I don't apprehend any interruption at present."

We conversed for some time upon the advantages of the place in question—a place of which we had before heard very little, and were pleased with the Doctor's recommendation and suggestions.

A week later the steamer *Magnolia,* which for thirty hours had been coasting northward, turned its prow to the east, and was soon making headway among the keys which stand guard on the outer boundary of Tampa Bay. The dark-blue waters were a shade more lightly tinged as the vessel sped onward, leaving an island here and an islet there robed in perpetual verdure.

Passing the light-house it came to anchor at last, with the low shores of the main land on either side. The main land was before us also, though still too far away to be distinctly visible. We were to await there the little steamer which formed the interchain of communication with the Hillsboro. The passengers all clustered on the upper deck of the *Magnolia* to watch for the craft which had been duly signaled, and whose smoke was floating like gray vapor in the distance.

How every trifling thing becomes of interest to the traveler at sea! Men who in the busy mart would scarcely turn their heads for an armada, only a few hours from terra firma will be seen with anxious eagerness straining their eyes, or directing their glasses, toward any object, however insignificant, which chances to greet their vision. Such real interest did the little boat from Tampa awaken in a hundred minds on the New Orleans packet, and many pleasant conjectures were hazarded in reference to her name. One lady suggested the *Messenger,* another the *Mocking-Bird,* and a third the *Cracker.* A gentleman said it was the *Alligator,* or *Rattlesnake;* and so we had names *ad infinitum.*

Meanwhile the little steamer, puffing porpoise-like, advanced until we could read, plainly lettered on her sides, *The Scottish Chief*. Three cheers for *The Scottish Chief* were called for, and responded to with a will, and a moment after re-echoing cheers came back from the gallant little boat. A number of gentlemen were standing on the guards when she came along-side; and that was the last observation until the plank was crossed: then Robert and I stood together on the deck of the strange vessel waving adieux to our companions on the receding steamer. We were quite alone, going by ourselves to a land of strangers; but with my brother no spot on earth seemed lonely. Not an island of the sea, however remote or isolated, I would not have neared with joy had it promised health and strength to my life's last idol.

Robert looked pale and weary when the excitement of the change was over, and we were about to go below for seats, when a gentleman approached us with a stool in each hand.

"Allow me to offer you the best the boat affords," he said, with marked ease of manner. "The accommodations here are very poor indeed."

My brother accepted the seat, and thanked the stranger for his courtesy. I preferred standing; and while the gentlemen fell naturally into conversation strayed away a little distance, watching every feature of the beautiful bay and its evergreen shores. After two or three hours' sail, rounding another point, and passing another island, lo! the city, namesake of the bay, lay just before us, with Fort Brooke on the left, bannerless and deserted. Magnificent trees overshadowed the low wooden cottages of the solitary old garrison. Century-old live-oaks—the remains of the primitive forest—draped with the pale, graceful villaudsia (or Spanish moss), astonish the stranger with their size and beauty. Giant mulberries, blossoming oranges, and lime-trees waft their fragrance far and near. I turned to mark the effect on my brother, who had risen and stood leaning over the guards.

"Lovely! isn't it, Margy?" he said, in answer to my silent inquiry.

"Charming! I see nothing wanting but our glorious old flag. The citizens of Tampa should keep it waving, for picturesqueness if not for patriotism!"

A frown gathered suddenly on the brow of the stranger, whose features I now scanned for the first time. They were fine enough for sensibility, bold enough for manhood, and handsome enough to captivate any mere lover of beauty. So I said mentally at first glance; and thought, moreover, that the frown increased rather than diminished the effect of the whole.

Robert made no reply to my remark; but the gentleman, addressing his words to him, said: "Florida has given a new banner to the breeze, for weal or for woe!" then touching his hat slightly, went forward and disappeared.

A few minutes later and the little steamer lay at the old Government wharf. The few passengers who had accompanied her merely for pleasure went ashore. There was a motley throng collected around the landing, eager for news, but no sign of a carriage. The Captain said the Florida House, the most eligible stopping-place in town, was not distant; but if disinclined to walk through the heavy sand, he would send one of the boat-hands for a vehicle for us.

We thanked him, and sat down quietly to wait. The Captain soon made his appearance again, and said that Colonel Hamilton, one of the gentlemen who had just left the boat, had sent his carriage and servant to conduct us to the hotel. Who Colonel Hamilton might be we knew not; but when the servant presented himself, and said he came for the sick gentleman and the lady, Robert no longer hesitated. Wading through the snowy sand, the horses soon reached the hotel. The same gentleman who had proffered attentions on the boat stood amidst a group of men on the piazza, and came forward to receive us.

"Only a hotel-keeper on the look-out for customers," was the first suspicion, which his words speedily contradicted.

He greeted my brother with the warmth of a friend, and said, "Our host being absent to-day, and the servants here very slow, I took the liberty to send my own carriage for you, finding it at the door. I hope you are not very much fatigued."

Robert took the hand so cordially extended, and thanked the stranger with an air of expression which told how sincerely he appreciated his kindness.

Pleasant apartments were speedily provided for us, notwithstanding the Supreme Court was in session, and judges, lawyers, and clients from various sections of the State thronged the hotel. How it occurred that two of the finest rooms in the house should have been accorded to us did not transpire, although we congratulated ourselves much on the good fortune. I did not care so much for myself; I could have endured any inconvenience with the end in view. But for Robert—bravely as he battled with discouragements, courageously as he confronted disease—my heart overflowed with gratitude for him whenever he could be spared the smallest discomfort. That he would ultimately recover I had fully believed from the moment we left the chilling breezes of the North and set our faces toward the sunny South.

The days passed very pleasantly at Tampa. Nothing could be finer than the atmosphere, which in midwinter seemed a luxury to breathe. The change promised to be no less beneficial than agreeable, and Robert grew more cheerful continually. Our host and hostess did every thing for the pleasure as well as accommodation of their guests. To my brother their attentions were unremitting. Here, as every where else, he became an especial favorite; and rides, drives, sails, and fishing excursions down the bay were constantly proposed for his amusement and benefit. Every morning Colonel Hamilton's light carriage was at the door for a drive into the pine woods which surrounded the town. The Colonel always accompanied him on these excursions, for which reason I never went, though often politely assured that the vacant seat remained a standing invitation. I did not like the man. He was too popular altogether. Furthermore, I was certain he only tolerated me on my brother's account, therefore took every occasion to decline his civilities. I felt sorry at times that Robert should like him so much; but his attentions to him from the first, delicate and discriminating, were exactly of a character to win his regard.

The Colonel was a lawyer from the interior, reputed immensely rich. He was past youth, and a widower. As soon as the Court adjourned he would of course go away. On my own account I would not be sorry, as we were natural antagonists. I would only regret my brother's loss.

Meantime political excitement waxed warmer and stronger. One by one the Cotton States had followed in the South Carolina wake of secession, just as a simple flock will follow the lead of one unruly sheep. Every mail brought news of agitation along the border, and of insane words both on the part of the North and the South. The Star of Peace grew dim and dimmer, while Mars, fiery and red, cast its sickening rays over the whole heavens, from zenith to horizon.

While hope for our beloved country was dying daily in our hearts Robert was growing stronger and better. His cough abated, and his spirits grew buoyant and cheerful. It was evident he had found a climate that suited him at last. Should we risk another change, or the chances of war on the enemy's soil? I was often revolving the question in my own mind before Robert mentioned the subject.

"Margy," he said at length, "the crisis is at hand. Shall we remain and run the risk of the war, or go home?"

"The war a thousand times!" I replied, unhesitatingly, "unjust as it is. No one would injure you, Robert."

"I was not thinking of myself, Margy, but of you, in case any thing should happen to—"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned away with a quivering lip. I knew what was in his mind, and, putting my arms around his neck, said, resolutely,

"Nothing is going to happen to *you*, Robert. The climate is curing you, as I knew it would from the first. Doctor M'L—— wrote you not to return North on any account, and I would endure rebeldom forever rather than risk a hair of your head. We are not obliged to renounce our principles here, or sanction treason by word or deed; and *I* never will. I would die first!"

Our decision was made. My brother's first care was to provide funds which would be available in any contingency, as bills of exchange promised soon to be of no account. His first draft from Key West came soon; another from New York would make us independent if worse come to worse.

Like a thunder-clap broke upon us one sweet April morning tidings of the fall of Sumter, and the outrage to the flag of the Union. Robert turned pale, but not for fear. He had a nature insensible to any other fear than the triumph of wrong. Calmly as though listening to New England church bells did he hear those secession joy-bells ring, and cannon boom, in honor of the most dastardly act which had disgraced the world's history for a century; while I, who as a woman should have remained undisturbed, could have fought the very dogs in the street.

South Carolina had established another precedent in taking Sumter. Thenceforward every thing on the Southern coast bearing the name of fortress, mantled or dismantled, must be possessed in the name of "Sovereign States."

That same morning saw an illegitimate flag waving above Fort Brooke. That afternoon heard the shouts of political harangue at every street-corner, and the confusion of rebel rub-a-dub-dub on the old garrison parade-ground. I was forced to close my windows to keep from going frantic.

"Suppose we have a ride in the pine woods, Margy?" Robert said, throwing down the Charleston *Mercury*, in which he had been reading the particulars of the late assault. "I think you find the air almost as suffocating here as Major Anderson and his brave men found it in their beleaguered, burning fort. God bless them!"

"Amen! and curse their assailants!" I was frightened, but the words were fairly spoken and could not be recalled.

"Oh, Margy! that from *you*?" he said, in a tone of real sorrow such as I recollected hearing but once before, on that never-to-be-forgotten night when my heart and lips both uttered blasphemies. "Are we not followers of Him who commanded *love* even to enemies?"

"They are not personal enemies, Robert, or forgiveness might be comparatively easy. They are traitors and assassins, who have stabbed to the heart the mother who bore them. I don't believe it is God's will—"

"Hush! hush! Margy. Don't finish that sentence," he said, in a voice that awed me to silence and reflection. While he ordered the horses I bathed my burning brow, arranged my hair to fit my riding-hat, and felt better before we had snuffed the first breath of the sweet pine land.

We went away alone to the great temple of Nature. How high above human pride swell its *Te Deums!* How tenderly into human hearts, sorrowing or sinning, fall its *misereres!* Temple of benedicities, temple not made with hands, all hail!"

Robert loved the pine woods, and whenever we went out on horseback would forsake the public roads for the wilder by-paths. Sometimes these paths would lead into bay thickets, redolent with bloom. From our saddles we could see golden saraconias, crimson orchises, and trailing passion-flowers, azure as ether. Under the horses' feet were violets of every hue, from deepest purple to snowy white, the St. John of the apostlehood of flowers.

To such a spot, more beautiful than words of mine can picture, we came that afternoon. Robert had been there before, and sought it again on my account.

"You shall help yourself to a bouquet, Margy," he said. "Give me your bridle-rein. This fallen tree will assist you to mount again when you wish. I will not alight."

Such a bouquet as I gathered was enough to turn the brain of a botanist. There were rhodoras of dazzling pink, incarnatas with their long purple nectaries, comelinas, and the delicate bells of the clematis-viarna. To these I added the creamy bay-flowers, while mocking-birds sang, and gay-winged parrakeets screamed for joy.

"I shall have to leave them; I can not carry another one," I said, laughingly, as I returned to my brother. "Have you a string? No? Then I must clasp them with one of my bracelets. See! it holds them fast. Take it a moment, and give me my bridle."

We heard the sound of horse's feet, and turning in the direction indicated saw Colonel Hamilton galloping toward us.

"Wait a moment, Miss Miller," he said, lifting his felt-hat as he approached. "Allow me to assist you."

There was no help for it, as he had alighted and was at my side in an instant.

"Thank you; but you have given yourself unnecessary trouble. I was reared in the country, and Nature always provides in some way for her children, you know."

"I see she has felled a tree for you here; but she will not feel slighted if you permit me the honor." And he bent and offered his palm with dignified condescension.

I touched it with my gaiter-sole as lightly as possible, and sprang into the saddle, vexed at the simple occurrence. He turned away to my brother, remarking,

"I am glad you have introduced your sister to my flower-garden. I wished to do so myself, but she refused to ride with me."

"I am surprised to meet you here to-day," Robert said. "I thought you at the court-house."

"The court made an early adjournment. It was impossible to subside to business after such an ebullition as the news of the morning created. The crowd on every hand are calling for speeches, and nothing else will satisfy them."

"Are the people united in their feelings on this subject?" Robert inquired.

"Not at all. It will take strong minds and stronger wills yet to reduce them to unity, I fear. The Cockade-men, who made so much noise this morning over the Sumter affair, would shout as vigorously for the Union to-morrow, if they had leaders to instigate them. It is the men who walk about quietly whom we want to fill our ranks—men who can be trusted. We shall get them after a while."

Was it my own brother questioning so quietly, and listening undisturbed to replies, cool and candid, it is true, but savoring strongly of the rank upas which for thirty years the South had been fostering? My cheeks tingled; I was in danger of a relapse; when, turning my head suddenly, a sight was revealed which made me faint with terror. Depending from the limb of a tree was a human figure, ghastly and horrible.

My scream or the terrible discovery brought both gentlemen to their feet in an instant. Robert lifted me from the saddle and supported me in his arms, while Colonel Hamilton went to observe more closely. The giddiness or faintness passed away soon, leaving a dull, sickening pain impossible to describe.

"Let us go," I urged. "Oh, Robert, you are ill! How pale you are!"

He made no reply. Hamilton came up at the moment. He observed the change which had fallen on my brother's countenance, and said, quickly,

"This is too much for you, my dear fellow! You should have intrusted the care of your sister to me. You shall do so now."

"I need no further care," I said, starting up suddenly. "I am fully recovered. But, Sir, will you not aid my brother?"

I was much alarmed, and spoke with an earnestness amounting to entreaty.

Robert sat leaning his head upon his hand in an attitude of exhaustion, while the Colonel bent over him, speaking in an undertone, which I could not understand. I saw him take something from my brother's hand and put it in his pocket, and give him his own pocket-handkerchief in return.

"What is it?" I said, with a faint suspicion of the truth. "Oh, my poor brother!"

"I shall be better in a minute, Margy," he said, faintly. "Don't be so much alarmed."

Colonel Hamilton, who was now tenderly supporting Robert, said to me: "I think your brother unable to ride back to the town on horseback. Would you be afraid to go by yourself and order my carriage here immediately? The distance is not great, and you have only to give your horse the rein; he will take you directly to the hotel."

"I think it is unnecessary, Colonel," Robert interposed; "I believe I shall be able to ride soon."

"I can allow you to run no risks. Miss Miller, I would not ask you to leave your brother and perform this service if the spot were not too lonely for you to remain here. One of us must go."

"Let it be me, then," I said, resolutely. "I am ready."

"I rode one of the Major's horses," he continued, "and, fortunately, mine will be fresh. Tell Tom to drive to Spring Branch; he knows the spot. I think your brother will be better soon."

He spoke with a warmth of interest which made me forget for the time how much I disliked him, and I suffered him to aid me into the saddle again.

Swift as the wind flew my good steed, out of the pine woods, through the shrub-oak and palmetto barrens, on to the town. Not a moment was lost, and my arrival at the hotel in such wild haste and alone drew every gentleman on the piazza to his feet in an instant.

"Major Thomson, please order Colonel Hamilton's carriage in a moment. My brother is very ill."

It was all I could say before bursting into tears.

Whatever the political errors of the South, no one shall say she has not hearts generous and tender, easily touched to sympathy with sorrow. A dozen arms were outstretched to assist me from my horse; voices only a minute since stern and bitter in their denunciations of my loved New England were demanding now in softened tones the nature of my brother's attack, whether I had left him alone, and his distance from the city; all of which I answered as soon as I was able to control my emotion.

In anxiety for Robert I forgot to mention the horrid discovery we made in the pine woods, and not until the carriage was at the door, and the kind landlord with two or three other gentlemen were mounting to accompany it, did it occur to me. I then related the circumstance as briefly as possible.

"Judge Moody," said the Major to one of the gentlemen on the piazza, "it seems those cursed Regulators have been at work again. There's another man dangling from a pine-tree. I expect they have been reversing your sentence of yesterday. Now, Tom"—addressing the driver—"away like the wind!"

It was easier said than done, for no carriage was ever able to make above a snail's speed on the roads of Southern Florida. Corduroy bridges are Macadamized in comparison with the jagged, ragged palmetto roots which at every step almost lie buried, like ambushed foes, in the deep sand. Interminable seemed the path of return, lengthened by anxiety and impatience. The gentlemen on horseback left us far behind, and when we reached the spot stood dismounted and waiting.

Robert was standing also, leaning on Colonel Hamilton's arm, very pale still, though a sweet, gentle smile overspread his features.

"I return you your brother, Miss Miller, better, as I promised," the Colonel said while assisting him to the carriage.

"Allow me to thank you for it."

I could not speak to Robert; but folding one arm around him as he took the seat beside me, and clasping both his hands, I felt like one who has recovered a lost treasure.

"Give me the lines, Tom, and you ride Mr. Miller's horse, and lead the Major's. If they need you here wait a while." With these orders Colonel Hamilton took the front seat, and drove very carefully over the rude paths which led to the more open road.

"I regret exceedingly the fright you have had this afternoon, and its cause," he said, turning and addressing us when the way no longer demanded his careful attention. "We have here in Florida a secret organization as singular as it is dangerous. A set of men calling themselves Regulators believe the safety of society reposed in them. Many of these are good men morally and socially, but monomaniacs on this point. Many of them are bad men, who would not scruple to commit any deed which has blackened the earth since the days of Cain. If a person arrested and tried by a legal tribunal is condemned, they often overthrow the sentence by setting him at liberty. If such a one is acquitted, and happen to fall under their ban, they try him in secret conclave by their own laws, and sentence him to banishment or execution, according to their opinion of his deserts. Several legal opinions have been set at naught by them within a few years, like the one in the present instance. Yesterday a man—a stranger in the country—was tried on suspicion of aiding the escape of runaways, and honorably acquitted. To-day he is hanging like a dog. It was whispered this morning that the stranger was missing, and but for the war-news I have no doubt a search would have been instituted; but in a community like this one thing readily gives place to another."

"But why, may I ask, are not the victims of their diabolic acts secreted?"

"It is only a bravado of the collective mass, perfectly safe in uttering, '*Thus decree the Regulators!*' while not an individual of them all would dare assert, '*I did the deed!*'"

We arrived safely at the hotel, and for two or three days Robert remained feeble and languid, then began to mend again. Not until he had quite recovered from its effects, however, were my suspicions of a hemorrhage acknowledged to be true, so studiously did both he and his friend seek to conceal from me the fact.

The spring courts, following one another in close succession, came at length to a final adjournment. They had made the dull little town comparatively lively ever since our arrival. Every day now left vacant seats at table, and it was apparent the few invalids would soon be left alone. Most of those would follow in time, and it was not certain that my brother and I would not be the only summer boarders.

For some time an excursion to one of the orange groves of "Old Tampa," a section of country bordering on the outer bay, had been contemplated by the hotel company and a few of the citizens. It was a place of historic interest, being the first landing-point of De Soto's party; and the remains of his fortifications were said to be distinctly visible after a lapse of nearly three centuries. At the first mention of the excursion Robert and I had expressed a wish to be of the party; on account of his illness it had been postponed.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.—[Photographed by Brady.]

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

WE give on our first page this week a portrait of General GEORGE H. THOMAS, who now takes the place of General SHERMAN in the Western campaign. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840. In the Regular army THOMAS, in 1861, held the position once occupied by General LEE, that of Colonel of the Fifth cavalry; but in 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship. After the battle of Mill Spring he commanded a corps in BUELL'S army. He retained command of this corps under ROSECRANS. At the battle of Chicamauga his skill and the courage of his command saved the day. In SHERMAN'S Georgia campaign General THOMAS commanded the army of the Cumberland—the largest of the three grand divisions under SHERMAN. General THOMAS'S career from the victory of Mill Spring down to the present time has been brilliant and successful, and we are sure that his conduct of the campaign against HOOD will confirm SHERMAN'S judgment in leaving to his hands the entire Western campaign.

TORPEDO RAFT OFF MOBILE.

THE sketch on page 804 shows the appearance of one of the torpedo rafts which the rebels have lodged in Mobile Bay to impede the progress of our fleet toward the city. A few vessels of the fleet are visible in the back-ground, while in front the sailors are engaged in the delicate and dangerous operation of removing the torpedoes from the raft. An unusually high sea does not by any means facilitate this process; the sailor straddling the torpedo and plying the wrench is alternately dipped under the mounting wave and then again made visible for a brief interval to his anxious comrades, to whom as to himself a slight slip of the hand or a brush of the wrench against the cap of the torpedo would certainly be the occasion of utter destruction. Each of the torpedoes represented weighed 440 pounds empty.

OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.

ON page 805 we give an illustration representing the Federal fleet gathered at Hampton Roads. Fortress Monroe has since the beginning of the war been the grand place of rendezvous for our fleet, and the starting-point of all the principal naval expeditions. Here the Burnside and Port Royal expeditions were assembled before their departure. The fleet now gathered at this point is of especial interest in view of the naval operations which, during the next few months, will play an important part in the war. This fleet comprises a large number of vessels, each of whom has a history of her own. Some of them, like the *Mohican* and *Susquehanna*, were at the capture of Port Royal; the *Wabash* was flag-ship on that occasion. There is the *Powhatan*, so long engaged in the exciting chase after the *Sumter*; the *Malvern*, who caught the *Chesapeake*; the *Colorado*, who destroyed the privateer *Judith*; the *Minnesota*, who helped fight the *Merrimac*; the *New Ironsides*, flag-ship in the grand naval attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1863, and who came near being destroyed by a torpedo a few months afterward; and the old ship *Brooklyn*, who gained for herself such distinction at the capture of New Orleans and in Mobile Bay last August.

We also give on the same page a sketch of Fort Wool, named after the old and able General who so long commanded the post of Fortress Monroe.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RECKLESS DRIVING.—A cabman has lately driven his own mother *out of her mind*.

ENGLAND'S "MAIN DRAINAGE."—Taxation.

A humorous and beautiful young lady being asked by her mamma where she was going, said she was going to practice archery with an Irish beau and arrah!

PATRON OF THE SCAFFOLD.—There was a laird in the north of Scotland, who died some thirty or forty years ago, who had a great *penchant* for attending executions, and his local standing would appear to have made his presence at such exhibitions a *sine quâ non*. On one occasion an unfortunate wretch was about to be "turned off;" the rope was adjusted, and every thing was ready. The hangman, however, stood waiting with apparent anxiety, evidently for an addition to the spectators. Being asked why he did not proceed with the business, he replied, with a look of surprise at his questioner, "The laird is nae come yet!"

NEW WAY OF LEARNING LANGUAGES.—A well-known optician says that, when at sea, you can, with his glass, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out *the tongue of any foreign land*.

An anxious mother in Scotland, taking leave of her son on his departure for England, gave him this advice: "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang south, and get all the siller ye can from the southerns—tak' every thing ye can. But the English are a brave, boxin' people, an' tak' care o' them, Sandy. Never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense; say right out. Which do you like the best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

SERENADE FOR DECEMBER.

Your Troubadour's toes are beginning to freeze,
Your Troubadour's nose is beginning to sneeze,
A violent cold does his singing mar,
As he chants to the tune of a slight *catarrh*.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a good deal of lying.

Mr. Lower, in his excellent work on "English Surnames," has a story of a man who fell into a pit somewhere in Wales, and whose cries for assistance were heard by a passing stranger. "Who are you?" inquired the traveler. "Jenken ap Griffith ap Robin ap William ap Rees ap Evan," was the reply. "Why, what a lazy set you must be, to lie rolling in that hole, half a dozen of you! Why, in the name of common sense, don't you help one another out?" was the answer of the disgusted traveler as he rode away.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

OH, HOW ARTFUL!

WIFE. "Whenever I want a nice snug day, all to myself, I tell George my mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning."

There is a story told of an imperial highness waltzing thrice on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the unsatisfactory response. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness's motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire."

Wanted, for a museum of arms and trophies, Falstaff's ancient Pistol.

It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again.

A STERN REALITY—The Man at the Wheel.

The Rev. J. P. Gardiner, a missionary in Rupert's Land, gives the following word of eighteen syllables as an illustration of the peculiarities of the Indian language: "Keguwecheahpetowkesiunemechesoometinawan" — "I will dine with you."

MOTTO FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—"The Cart before the Horse."

Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep?—Because he is a bah-bah (*barber*).

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR OWEN.—Is Neptune a Kingfisher?

PROOF POSITIVE.—Old John B—— was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and he fell heavily to the floor. "There!" cried she, triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said; you are no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

An Irishman was summoned for refusing to pay a doctor's bill, when he was asked why he refused to pay. "What for should I pay?" said Paddy; "shure he didn't give me any thing but some emitics, and the niver a one could I keep in my stomich at all, at all."

Judge Rooke in going the western circuit had a great stone thrown at his head; but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he, "had I been an *upright* judge I might have been killed."

"Father," said a little fellow, apparently reflecting intently on something, "I sha'n't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married." "Why not, my son?" was the fond father's inquiry. "Because," said the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours."

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

Dr. Dolichus was a stiff Tory and always drove splendid cattle. One day one of his toughest political opponents, praising his team, asked the doctor not to think the less of his praise of the horses because he might think little of his opinion in regard to politics. "Most certainly not," replied the doctor, "I always thought that you knew much more about horses than about politics."

"Ned, who is the girl I saw you walking with?" "Miss Hogg." "Hogg—Hogg! well, she's to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think," rejoined Ned; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it."

AN ENGLISH BULL.—At a shop window in the Strand there lately appeared the following notice: "Wanted—two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

"Fine day for the race," said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately. "What race?" anxiously inquired the friend. "Why, the human race, to be sure," was the reply.

UNCLE LUTHER.

WE ran away together, Edward and I; and perhaps we were wrong to do it, but we loved each other very, very dearly, and it was not like leaving a dear, good papa and mamma, for I only had an uncle, who had never been very kind to me since he became my guardian. Edward, to be sure, had a father; and, as he said, it seemed very hard that, because his father and my uncle were not friends, we were to be separated forever. My boy—I had a foolish habit of calling him my boy that I am not sure I shall ever be able to rid myself of—my boy had been brought up to expect a large fortune, and taught no profession; while every one said that I should be my uncle's heiress, and it seemed very likely, for there was no one else who had the slightest claim of kindred upon him.

But when Uncle George ordered Edward from the house he told me that if I ever spoke to him again I need never expect a shilling from him; and it seems that Edward's father said much the same thing when my boy confessed his love for me.

"Do we care for money?" he said. "Shall you and I be separated for the love of gold? I have youth and strength, and I can win my own way to fortune with you beside me."

For my part, to be with him was enough, and so I told him.

One bright moonlight night he met me at the garden gate, and in an hour the wedding-ring was on my finger, and I had promised to love, honor, and obey my darling while I lived.

Edward was not quite penniless. He had a few hundreds left him by his mother; and our plan was this: to travel to the Far West, where lands are cheap, and buy a farm there, and begin a wild, happy country life, poor at first, but striving for a competence in old age. It seemed a pleasant plan, and I think it would have been successful. The very day after we were married we started for the West. I remember my darling as he stepped into the cars, so tall and straight and active. I saw girls steal glances at him, and read in the eyes of other men that they knew how strong and beautiful he was; and I was very proud of him sitting beside me, so watchful of my comfort, so fond and proud of me.

The cars whirled on behind the smoking engine. People chatted, and ate lunches, and took naps, and I am sure that there was no thought of fear in the heart of any one there. A hundred times before many of them had been rattled and screamed away across the country, and often over even that very bridge which we approached so rapidly. Had there been such a thing as anxiety in any countenance I might believe in warnings and presentiments, but there was not. Of that I am quite sure, and always shall be.

For my part my mind had wandered to our Western farm to be, and with his arm about my waist, I sat quietly looking at the green fields and the blue water and the purple mountain-tops so far away, when a crash, a rumbling sound, a chorus of wild screams and cries, a horrible fall, and all was darkness and chaos. When I came to myself the blood was streaming from my temples, and I lay in the midst of broken fragments of wood and iron. My first thought was of Edward. Oh, my darling! I looked to the right and to the left. I could distinguish no one—only prostrate and groaning forms, and others wildly searching amidst the rubbish, or bearing those they found to an open spot on the grass beyond. A wild hope seized me. Perhaps he was looking for me, unharmed and well himself.

I called aloud, "Edward, Edward!" and a faint moan answered me. Giddy though I was, I arose and groped about, listening and peering, and soon—oh, great Heavens! I never shall forget that moment—soon, looking down over a barricade of joists and bars, I saw his face at the bottom, beyond my reach. I screamed his name again, and he answered, faintly,

"Thank God, you are safe!"

Then I said, "Are you hurt much, Edward?"

"I think so. My head is not, and I can move my arms, but there is an awful weight upon me. For God's sake, beg them to help me! There is a poor woman here also—dead, I think. I can bear it if you are safe, only tell them to come soon."

Then I think he fainted, and the next thing I knew I had clutched a stout old man by the arm, and was not praying but commanding him to take my husband out of that awful place. He soothed me. They were at work already; but, oh! what a long time it took to clear away the heaped-up mass.

Body after body was spread on the grass before they took him up and carried him on a rude litter to the spot where the surgeons were busy.

He was alive still. I thanked God for that. And I tried to be calm and help them. All the weight of those beams and boards had fallen on his lower limbs, but otherwise he was not greatly injured. They gave me faint hopes at first. After a while they told me that he *might* live, soon that he *would*. And so, at the little wayside tavern, I nursed him back to life, and made up my mind to the worst. So that when the old surgeon—a good, fatherly man—took me into the garden one day, and, bidding me be calm, told me that my boy would never be quite strong again, and that he must be a cripple for life, I could listen with a few tears, and tell him that I only heard what I had guessed before.

But I prayed him to tell Edward, and not to leave that task to me.

Well, we knew our fate, and we met in one long, tearful embrace. And he said, "My dearest, can you love a poor disfigured cripple, who would never have sought to win you had he known he should come to this?"

And I answered, "Oh, Edward, better than I ever did the strong man of whose good looks I used to be so proud!"

And he trusted me, and went to sleep with his poor head upon my arm; and I sat there all night, praying God to comfort him and bless us both.

By-and-by he got about on crutches. It was a glad and a sad day to both of us. And the color returned to his cheek, and the damp hair began to curl dark and crisp again about his head. And at last the old rich tones came into the sweet voice. He was as well as he would ever be. Of course all idea of that wild life on a Western farm was over. And our money was almost gone. Neither of us had any hope of forgiveness, and we knew, young as we were, that we had a hard struggle before us.

Edward could think of but one thing. He had learned book-keeping at school, and he was fond of writing—perhaps by those means he could earn a living. And I, in my own heart, resolved that my needle should not lie idle, though knowing how hard it would seem to my boy that his wife should work for money. I said nothing to him about it. We went back to New York—I was glad enough when the journey was over, for every sound startled me, and poor Edward suffered much pain—and at last engaged two rooms on a third floor, furnished them very plainly, and went to house-keeping. An old acquaintance had recommended Edward to a certain Mr. Baxter, and so we were able to live.

What I could do to make our little place a home I did with all my heart, and I found some fine work and worked at it before Edward came home, hiding it when I heard the first click of his crutches on the stairs. I had his slippers ready and his dressing-gown. And I used to study a little cookery-book I had to contrive cheap luxuries for our table. One of the greatest trials that our poverty brought me was the living up those two long flights of stairs, which he must toil over night and morning.

Sundays we went to church together in the morning, and in the afternoon I read to him or he to me, or we talked quite gayly sometimes, for real love will make people happy in spite of any thing.

One day we read in our newspaper the marriage of Edward's father to a young lady whom he knew well. And after that what little dreams I had of ultimate reconciliation between the two faded from my mind entirely.

It was a month from that time when—'twas on a quiet Sunday eve, and we had been reading "Prue and I," that sweetest book to married lovers in all the language—strange steps came up the stair, and, following them, a rap at the door. I lifted my head from my dear boy's shoulder and went to open it. And there stood without a bent old man in a ragged coat, leaning on his cane and peering at me with his great blue eyes—eyes that were very bright for so feeble an old creature.

"Does Mr. Edward Millbank live here?" he asked. "Speak loud, for I'm very deaf."

And when I said and nodded "Yes," he came in. He was a very singular old man—so wrapped about the throat in dingy shawls, so bent, and so white haired. My dear boy arose and stood with one hand on my shoulder, looking at him.

"You don't remember me, Edward?" said the old man.

"No," replied my dear, "and yet—"

"What's that he says?" asked the old man. "No? Ah, I didn't expect it. You've forgotten the rides on old Ajax, and the fishing in the little brook, and the young man who carried you on his shoulder so often when you were a baby. You've forgotten your mother's brother Luther."

"Uncle Luther!" cried my dearest boy, and his eyes glistened. He stretched out his hands, and the old man came forward and shook them. Then he said,

"Sit down, nephew, sit down. I heard of that railroad accident, but I didn't know—" There he stopped with a glance at the crutches, and went on in that loud key peculiar to the extremely deaf. "You all thought I was making my fortune abroad, didn't you? Well, I've made it, and spent it, or lost it, or got rid of it somehow, you know. You don't need to be told *that* when you look at this coat. And I came home a week ago, remembering that I had a rich relation—your father, Ned—and went to him to see how he would welcome me. He had a fine young wife like a doll-baby; and for welcome he told me there was a poor-house for vagabonds like me. I asked for my nephew, and was told that he'd been kicked out of doors for marrying to his liking. So I came here—got your direction from your employer—knew you were poor, but didn't know—" Again that glance at the crutches—that pause—and something glittering on his lashes.

Despite his oddity, and his shabby clothes, and deafness, I began to like old Uncle Luther.

"You have altered, Uncle," said my dear boy. "I should not have expected such a change in you."

"Have I any change, did you say?" queried the old man, with his hand at his ear. "Oh dear, no—not a dime! That's partly why I came here. Can you let me creep in here, or haven't you enough for yourselves?"

There seemed very little use in trying to speak to him, but Edward held out his hand and shook that of the old man again.

That seemed to answer. Uncle Luther nodded, took off his dilapidated hat, and drew closer to the little stove. We had our frugal tea together, and at bedtime I contrived a sleeping-place for the old man, and did the best I could to make him welcome. But when his heavy breathing told that he slumbered I crept close to Edward and whispered,

"My dear boy, can you afford this—you, who toil so for so little?"

But he answered: "Olive, my Uncle Luther was my mother's dearest brother; and while I have a home it should shelter him, even if he had not been so kind to me when I knew him a hale and handsome man."

And I kissed him and said no more.

I never knew until afterward how he denied himself every little comfort, and walked home all that weary distance to save a miserable fivepence, my poor, dear boy! I worked harder too, and Uncle Luther sat with me through the long day, seeming to grow deafer every hour. He could not hear a word we said to each other, and was no restraint on our conversation.

Winter was deepening, and with it came new expenses. Another pound of beef or loaf of bread told on our slender purse; and there were lights and coal. Sometimes my dear boy quite broke down, and reproached himself with having brought me to such things, blighting my life, he said—as though having him I had not my greatest treasure. Those long winter evenings put it into my dear boy's head to do some copying for a young lawyer, the son of his employer; and this was the way Warren Baxter first began to come to see us. He was friendly to Edward and quite gallant to me, though I fancied I saw in him a certain scorn of our humble home and its appointments. I never liked him; but I said to myself, "He is Edward's friend, and I am prejudiced and foolish," and tried to banish my aversion.

At last Mr. Baxter began to drop in in the day-time, bringing papers to copy, because he should be engaged in the evening. And I first noticed that he strove to make an impression on me; that his glances were not quite such as I might return; that his compliments went beyond the bounds of fashionable politeness. But what could I do? He was so necessary to Edward that it would be no light matter to offend him.

One day, a short midwinter day, with a leaden sky which threatened rain, and a cold mist in the air, I sat close by the window at work, when Warren Baxter came in. He had a roll of manuscript in his hand, and was more than usually brisk and merry.

He pulled off his handsome fur gloves, warmed his fingers at the fire, and roared to Uncle Luther bending over the stove,

"Cold day, Sir, cold day!"

"Don't hear what you say," said the old man, snappishly. "Deaf as a post in this weather always."

"Very cold," said Mr. Baxter.

"Bad coals! I should think they were indeed," said the old man. "Half cinders, and twenty cents a pail at that."

"You're no interruption to any conversation any how," muttered Warren Baxter, with the most polite smile. Then drawing a chair close to me he began to trifle with my work.

"What beautiful stitching!" he said. "Only such fingers as yours could accomplish it. But you work too hard. I'm afraid you'll spoil your eyes; and that would never do."

"My eyes are strong," I answered, coldly.

"The strong and beautiful are found together sometimes then," said Mr. Baxter.

I made no answer.

"You have the loveliest eyes in the world," said Mr. Baxter. "You must know it if you look in the glass. It seems a pity that— Heigh-ho!"

I put my sewing by, and went to the other side of the room. He made some remark about a draught from the window and followed me. "You were never meant to sew for a living and wear coarse cotton gowns," he said.

"If I am suited with my dresses no one else need be troubled on that score," said I.

"Ah, but *are* you? You love beautiful things; you have been used to refinement. You like to look well, I am sure."

"I look well to my husband, Sir," I answered; "that suffices me."

"You must look beautiful to any one," said Mr. Baxter; "but this is not the life for you. My dear—"

"Sir!"

"My dear Mrs. Millbank, you can't object to that. A humdrum, hard-working day, few comforts, no luxuries. Evenings passed watching your husband scribble, when you might be the belle of any ball-room."

"I beg you to cease this conversation, Sir," I said; "I am happy in this humble life of mine. It can not affect you."

"It does," he said. "Come, let us be good friends. You are so cold—so chilling. It is all very well to keep this up before strangers, but I know that you can't be happy, with poor food, poor clothes, such lodging as this, and a husband to whom you must be a nurse, while many a handsome young fellow would give his eyes to—"

I started to my feet, and pointed to the door. "Your way lies there, Sir," I said. "Should I repeat this to my husband—"

"He'd knock me down, I presume," said the rascal, with a sneer.

"Now, my dear little woman, no acting is necessary, none whatever. I'm a man of the world; that husband of yours would be none the worse for our being friends."

"Go!" I repeated, "and never enter these doors again."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. Go!"

"Do you know what harm I can do Edward Millbank if you offend me?" said the young lawyer. "He owes his living to me. I can at will increase his salary. A word from me would lose him his present situation. Reflect. Don't anger me. It would be very hard to make me angry with you, yet you might do it and rue it also."

All I could say to him was, "Begone!" and in a little while I was alone, with the door locked between us.

Then I paced the floor, deaf old Uncle Luther looking at me inquisitively. Would the insolent wretch really revenge himself so wickedly? Had I harmed my poor dear? Yet I could do nothing else.

I seldom gave way to tears, but they would come now. I threw myself down on the floor, and, huddled up in the corner like a frightened child, wept bitterly. Soon a hand touched me, and I saw Uncle Luther at my side.

"Don't cry, my child," he said. "The Lord will provide. The darkest hour is just before day. Whatever troubles you, take heart. As you've had pity on me, the Lord will have pity on you."

A few days after this, strange to say, Warren Baxter came to our house again. I had been absent taking home my sewing and doing my humble marketing for the day.

Opening the door quickly I ran against him ready to come out. I could see that he was heartily ashamed of himself, for he looked down and absolutely blushed. He muttered an almost inaudible "Good-day," and something about having left some papers for Edward to copy and went down stairs quickly.

On the table I found a note directed to my husband, and the usual roll of paper. At least he was not so bad as I believed he would be.

Edward came home early and in a happy mood. Poor fellow, he was very light-hearted naturally, and only twenty-four that very day—too young to be quite crushed by all his trials and misfortunes. He laughed and jested, told some odd stories of an old lady who visited Warren Baxter daily in hopes of discovering the contents of a will he had made for her brother; praised me as the best cook in the world; and made love to me as though I were not his wife; but that he always did.

After supper, sitting over the fire, he said:

"By-the-way, Baxter lost a magnificent gold watch and chain to-day."

"The old gentleman?" said I.

"No, Warren. The oddest thing. There had been something the matter with it, and he had taken it out and laid it upon my desk, partly to show me its beauty and partly to examine the works. Just then there was a disturbance in the street—a fight between two porters. We went to the window to look out; old Mr. Baxter, the other clerk Williams, Warren, and myself.

"When it was over I went back to my desk, and the watch was not there; but as Warren Baxter had left the room I supposed he had taken it with him and gone to his office, which, you know, is but three doors off.

"Two hours after, however, he came running in in great haste, and came straight to my desk.

"'You took care of my watch, I hope,' he said.

"I told him that I had not seen it, and no one had, it seemed.

"Wilson, the old gentleman, two porters, who had been in the room, and even a small errand-boy, all were questioned. It seems impossible to suspect any one, yet the watch must have been stolen."

"It may have slipped into a drawer, or some box, or pile of papers."

"So I suggested," said Edward; "and we rummaged all the afternoon. Warren could scarcely have been more excited if his dearest friend had been lost or stolen. To me it was an unfathomable mystery."

I could not, do what I would, banish the terror which stole over me when I heard this story. Warren Baxter was a bad man: he hated me now, and my husband—oh, surely, surely, he had no power to harm him!

I prayed softly to myself, with my face hidden on my dear boy's shoulder, as we sat there before the fire.

At nine the church clock, close at hand, had just struck, and our little time-piece, a minute or so slower, echoed the notes with its silvery tongue. Some one knocked loudly at our door, and Edward's "Come in" was answered by the entrance of three persons: old Mr. Baxter, Warren, and a strange man buttoned up in a large over-coat.

My dearest looked surprised as he arose to welcome them, and I could see across the fire a new look come into deaf old Uncle Luther's eyes—a strange, half-smile about the mouth, which for the moment altered him completely.

Old Mr. Baxter began—wiping a tear from his lashes as he spoke, and putting a hand trembling with emotion on my dear boy's arm—

"Mr. Millbank, remember, always remember, that I am no party to this. I came to tell you so—that is all. I can not express my indignation or my shame that a son of mine should so insult one whom I consider a dear friend."

Edward looked from one to the other with a gleaming eye and compressed lips; and Warren advanced, brushing his glossy hat with his light kid glove.

"I know that Millbank will take no offense," he said. "I do this only in a spirit of justice. The porters and Wilson might complain if I did not; and the watch is too valuable to be lost. I—ahem—the fact is, as a matter of form, a mere matter of form, we must search you and your apartments. Merely a form, my dear boy—nobody suspects you; but it's all regular, and you will not object."

My boy's eyes sparkled; his cheek flushed scarlet.

"This is an insult I never expected to bear," he said. "A gentleman is still a gentleman, however poor—you should have remembered that. You should learn it now were I—"

He paused, and his cheek turned pale again. He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"Go on," he said: "if you can insult me so, search this poor home of ours. Olive, love, be calm; it is *he* who should blush, not you and I."

"I believe the dog would send a search-warrant into his own father's house," said old Mr. Baxter. "I will never forgive him—never!"

"Father, you are aware this is a mere form," said young Baxter. "We legal gentlemen are obliged to do such things. Now, officer."

The strange man who had entered with them fastened a shield to the breast of his coat as he spoke.

"Not much to search, I believe," said Warren, with a covert sneer—"only two rooms and a closet, I believe."

"Not far, indeed," said a voice from the fireside, so clear and strong that we could scarcely believe it came from the lips of Uncle Luther. "Officer, I'll tell you where to find the watch and chain."

"Never mind him, officer; he is childish. His drivel means nothing," said Warren; but he turned pale as he spoke. I saw that, and gathered hope from it.

"He is neither quite so childish nor quite so deaf as you imagine," continued the old man. "Officer, the watch and chain are hidden under the upper bed in yonder room."

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean?" cried Edward. "Do you dare accuse me of—"

"Under the bed in that room," continued Uncle Luther, as though he had not spoken, "where Mr. Warren Baxter placed them to-day with his own hands for safe-keeping."

"Driveling fool!" ejaculated the young lawyer; "do you hope to save exposure by such a subterfuge?"

"Prove that my statement is true!" said Uncle Luther; and the policeman entered our little bed-room, and came back in a moment with Warren Baxter's watch and chain in his hand.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that this should be the end of this affair," began the young lawyer; but Uncle Luther interposed:

"Unluckily for you it is not the end," he said. "You fancied you had a deaf and almost imbecile old man to deal with, and never recognized Luther Standish in his disguise. Villain, do you know me *now?*"

Upon the floor as he spoke fell the wrapping handkerchief, a white wig, and the great tortoise-shell spectacles; and a keen-eyed, gray-haired man stood before us.

Warren Baxter shuddered, and clung to the door-post for support. I think he would have made an effort to escape, but that Uncle Luther set his back against the door.

"Yes, Luther Standish is your accuser," he said. "He has watched you well, he has known what happened here and elsewhere. He has come back to ask an account of an unfaithful steward. I know your base heart to its core. I heard the insults uttered to that sweet lady, that true and loving wife. I saw you steal in on your vile errand, and hide yonder bauble in the couch of innocence polluted by your very touch. You have signed your own death-warrant. Officer, I command you to arrest that man: he has committed forgery." Then Uncle Luther turned to us. "My dear children," he said, "you wonder at all this, but listen to my story. I have lived a lonely life and in far distant lands for many years. Growing rich and yearning for home and kindred I returned at last. I dreaded being welcomed for my gold alone, and thought to test the hearts of those I hoped to meet. I sought my sister, my brother-in-law—both repulsed me. Then I came here. You took me in and comforted me; then I should have told my secret, but I had another motive for disguise: I wanted to watch yonder rascal. He was my man of business, and from certain sources I learned that he had proved unfaithful to his trust, embezzled sundry valuable documents, trusting in my long absence and seeming negligence for escape.

"His last act was to forge my name. I have proofs, villain, proofs you can not combat. And you can no more harm yonder gentleman than you can save your detestable and cowardly self. Edward, my dear fellow, you thought I could not hear you, yet you never spoke one word that was not kind and generous.

"Olive, my dear—nay, never give way now, you who have been so brave through so many trials."

That was the last I heard. Then the room began to swim before me, and I could not see my darling's loving face, and struggling against oblivion for a moment, fainted quite away.

When I came to myself only my dear boy and Uncle Luther were with me in the little room, and I begged them not to tell me any thing about what came after, so that I only know that Warren Baxter was punished, but not how; and my dear boy became Uncle Luther's heir.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A STRANGE STORY.—A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without notarial vouching, but still as indorsed by being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily *bravards.* A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy, and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he has had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and placing the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said, "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would like to hide it, while he replied, "Madame, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." The curious gathered round while he continued: "This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a *souvenir.* For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the counting-house, or any where else outside of their own house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

NATIONAL IDEAS OF PARADISE.—The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden. The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific. The Mexicans conceived that those who died from wounds, or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasure; those who died in battle or captivity were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four more years in this splendid habitation, they animate clouds and birds of beautiful feather and of sweet song; having at the same time liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers, and warble enchanting songs. The Tonquinese imagine the forest and the mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas relative to a state of future happiness they regard a delightful climate, and atmosphere surcharged with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of earthly felicity. Among the Arabs a fine country, with abundance of shade, forms the principal object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe of America who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding with guavas and other delicious fruits. The heaven of the Celts was called "Flashinnis," the "island of the good and brave;" their hell, "Ilfurin," "the island of cold climate." While the Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellus, believed that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying, at every successive change, a more sublime felicity than in the last.

THE following is a carefully prepared estimate of the number of slaves thus far set free by the Administration, or by the events of the war, viz.: In Utah and Nebraska, 44; in Delaware, 592; in the District of Columbia, 3185; in Indian Territory, 7360; in Texas, 30,427; in North Carolina, 55,176; in South Carolina, 67,066; in Arkansas, 74,074; in Kentucky, 75,163; in Maryland, 87,188; in Missouri, 114,965; in Alabama, 145,028; in Georgia, 154,066; in Mississippi, 155,540; in Virginia, 163,629; in Tennessee, 183,912; in Louisiana, 201,150; total liberated, 1,368,600.

THE vintage of Savoy is one of the loveliest sights in all the world. The land holds then its great feast of tabernacles, all festooned with purple wreaths. Every where the men are gathering the sweet grapes and dropping the bunches to the women and children, who catch them in their hands and stow them away in the white wooden pails. At the corner of each field stands the heavy old cart, with its gray oxen patiently chewing the cud, and now and then stamping at too intrusive flies which the pretty nets on their foreheads have not sufficed to banish; while some little child of five or six sits by them and plays at keeping the beautiful beasts, or climbs up and helps himself to some of the grapes in the huge tubs on the wagon. And round and beyond us on every side are other fields of corn and vines, and lanes of walnut and acacia; and further yet the grand mountains and the lovely lake—now emerald green, now turquoise blue—gleaming through the trees and the garlands till, far away, Mont Cenis with its crown of snow grows rosy in the setting sun.

THE WRONG INSTRUMENT.—A native church had recently been erected, and some friends of the Maori race had subscribed to purchase a harmonium, capable of playing a certain number of sacred airs without the aid of an organist. It was, in fact, constructed on the same principle as the hurdy-gurdies to be seen in the streets of London, and differed only from them in its airs being sacred and not secular. It so happened that the tradesman from whom it was bought had imported at the same time another instrument similar in appearance and construction, intended for the amusement of a Maori chief who had a taste for the popular airs of the day. By some mistake the secular instrument was forwarded instead of the sacred; and nothing was known of this till the opening of the church. A stalwart Maori had been selected to grind the music, and the officiating minister, suspecting nothing, gave out a hymn. When the Maori began to turn the handle the accursed instrument gave no uncertain sound; it struck up that lively popular air, "Pop goes the Weasel." The poor minister was speechless with horror and surprise, but the congregation innocently joined in with the lively notes, and rather admired the new air selected for the solemnity. The minister held up his hand as a signal to stop; but the former mistaking his meaning, only made the handle revolve with greater rapidity; he stamped with rage and impatience, but faster and faster went the instrument, till the congregation were almost breathless in their efforts to keep up with it. At length the minister took a sensible view of the subject; he observed that the congregation suspected nothing, and came to the sound conclusion that there is no scandal where there is no discovery. He submitted to the evil for one day, but had the mistake rectified without delay. It is said that the congregation still regret the absence of the lively instrument which led their devotions at the opening of the church.

SNEEZING.—Almost throughout Africa there is some superstition connected with this convulsion. In Senaar courtiers turn the back and slap the right thigh. Old authors tell us that when the "King of Monomotapa" sneezed it became a national concern. Those nearest the royal person howled a salutation, which was taken up by the antechamber; and when the horrid cry had run through the palace it was re-echoed by the whole city. In Europe the superstition is, that St. Gregory instituted a benediction upon the sneezer, because during a certain pestilence the unseemly act was a fatal symptom.

PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real simple self for power to get through the world, and to extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much of that living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat you are jostled out of reach; there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live considerably within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded, for there is something fresh and rare in such an example.

"TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN."—A lady residing in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department of Finistere, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor, but very pretty, named Yvonne S——, whom she engaged as her waiting-maid. Last month, a short time after her return to Paris, the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the coffin, and was for a short time left alone, Yvonne was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and then hastily leave. The first idea was that she had taken a ring which, at the express desire of the deceased, had been left on her finger. On examination, however, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a pin to the shroud. On inspection it was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who died two years ago, and was as follows: "My good Mother,—I have to tell you that M. B—— has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream, whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to Heaven." The letter was addressed "To my Mother in Heaven." The person alluded to in the letter is one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had made her an offer of marriage.

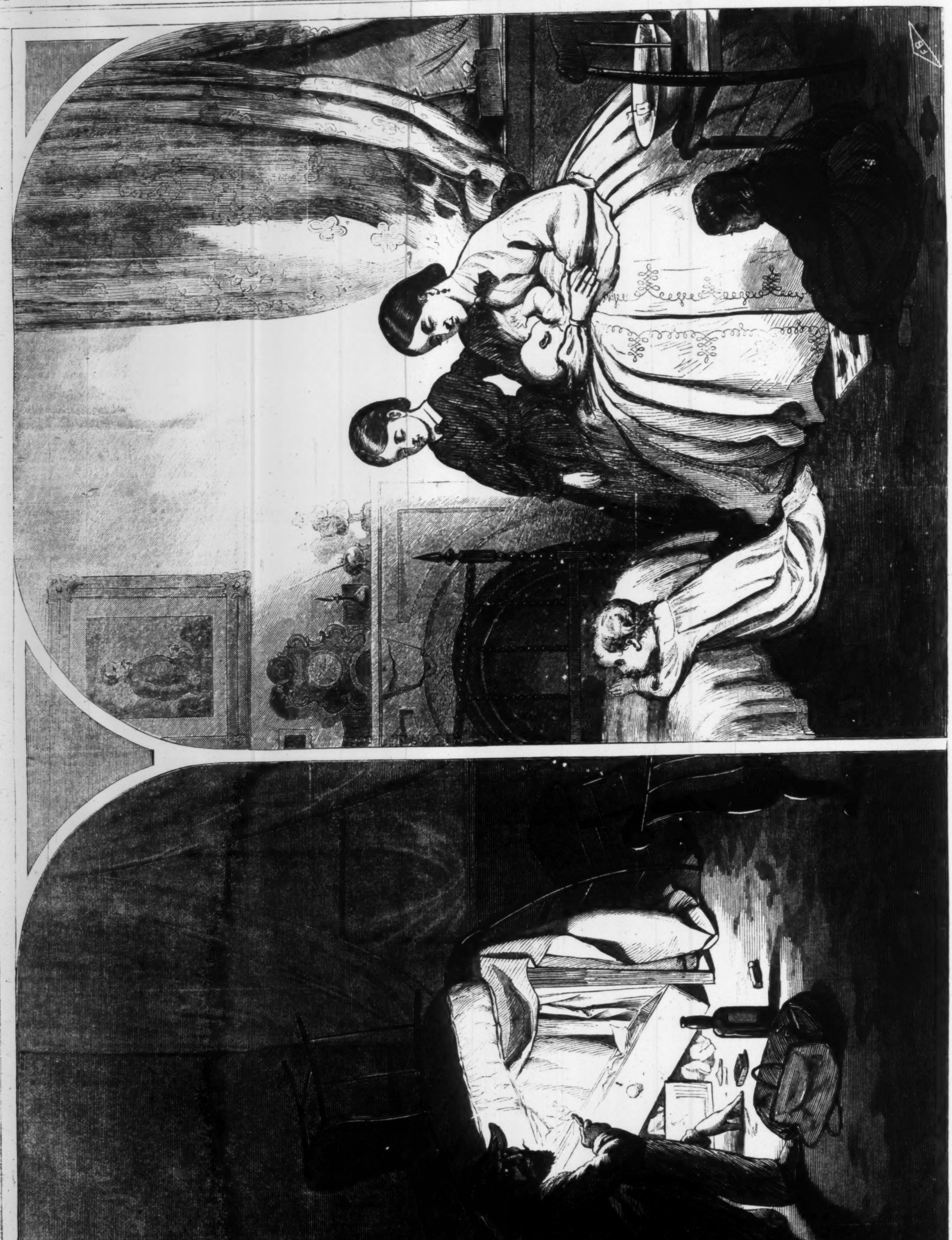
AN amusing anecdote is related as having occurred just about the time of the flight of King James. Mordaunt was in love—it may, indeed, be doubted that he was ever out of love. Mordaunt was in love with a lady who had a fancy to a beautiful canary belonging to the proprietress of a coffee-house, near Charing Cross, and insisted that her noble lover should, at any price, procure it for her. Lord Mordaunt endeavored to do so, but the landlady refused to part with her pet for any sum of money. The lady insisted. He must bring the bird, or not presume to see her face again. Thus goaded, Mordaunt hit upon a very clever expedient. Searching the dépôts of the bird-fanciers, he found a canary closely resembling the superb songster which had so charmed his lady-love; but it was a hen canary, and could not chirrup a note. Hastening to the coffee-house Lord Mordaunt contrived to get rid of the landlady—a Catholic, and devoted Loyalist—for a few minutes, and adroitly substituted his female for the male canary. After a considerable time he called at the coffee-house and asked the proprietress if she did not regret having refused the handsome offer he had made for her bird. "Oh dear no," said the woman, "he is more precious to me than ever; for do you know that, since our good King was compelled to leave his kingdom, he has not sung a single note!"

A BRIGADIER and soldier of the French gendarmery were recently returning from Castro to Ceprano. On arriving at a certain point they were met by three armed men, two of whom were the celebrated brigand chiefs Guerra and Cedrone. Instead of flying, they advanced confidently, mistaking the French for Pontifical guards. To all questions they replied readily, and gradually were deprived of their arms, when two were arrested and bound, the third getting off. Guerra, it is added, offered 200 scudi to be released, which were refused, and captors and captives continued their march until, arriving near a bridge called Sacratino, they were encountered by the band of Capasso, which had been brought up promptly by the third man, who had fled. To Capasso's order to release the brigands a refusal was given, when a volley of shots laid one of the gens d'armes on the ground, and the other, on flying, was killed by a second volley. Not content with this, the brigands pierced the bodies with their daggers, broke their heads with the but-ends of their muskets, cut off their ears, and mutilated them. Such is the report of one who resides near the spot, and it is far from incredible when we call to mind the well-authenticated brutalities which have been perpetrated during the last four years by the babes of the Church, the defenders of Divine right. The French military authorities were soon on the alert. A strong detachment was sent to the scene of action, and in a few hours' twelve prisoners were captured and taken to Rome.

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES.—In the year 1578 a blacksmith of London, named Mark Scaliot, made for exhibition and trial of skill a lock of iron, steel, and brass, composed of eleven several pieces, and a pipe key, all clean wrought, which weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, to which was fastened the lock and key. All these being put about the neck of a flea, it drew the same with ease. The chain, lock, and key weighed but one grain and a half. In 1829 a man exhibited in London two fleas, one drawing a kind of car, and the other a lock and chain, with the greatest ease. In Nottingham, also, in the same year, there were two fleas shown which had gold chains placed round their neck; one of them drew a carved cherry-stone, and the other a silver cannon. In 1711 a Mr. Penketham exhibited a wonderful invention called "The Pantheon; or, the Temple of the Gods," the work of several years and great expense. It consisted of five curious pictures, the painting and contrivances of which were equally admirable. The figures, about one hundred in number, moved their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, and set one foot before another like living creatures.

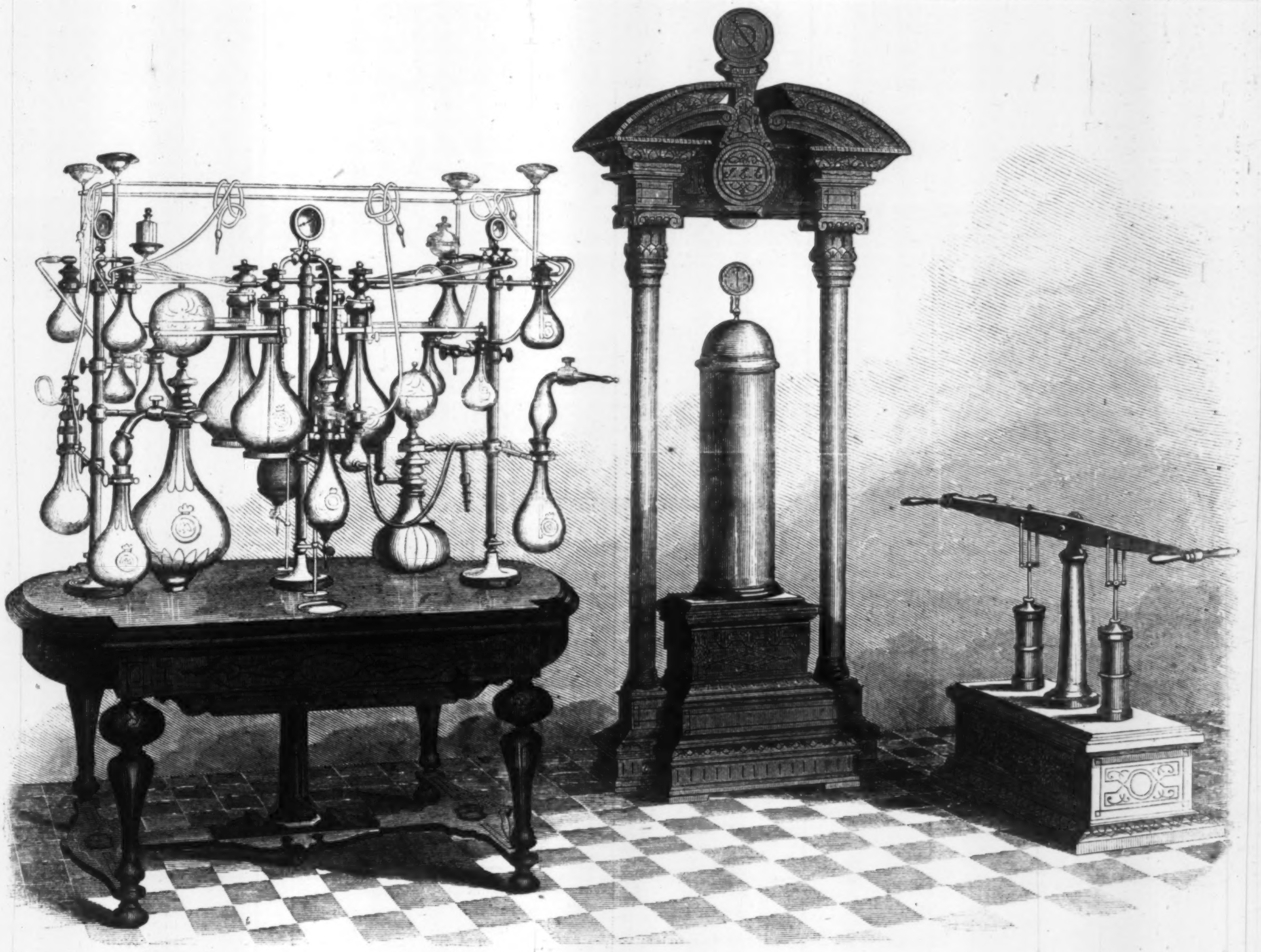
OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—In the reign of James I. men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. At feasts every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered. In 1564 a Dutchman, named William Boonen, brought the first coach into England, and it is said the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab-shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil. The business of cap making was ruined in 1591 by the common wearing of hats, which then came into vogue. Smoothing-irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for that purpose. A Mrs. Isabel Danton, of Leeds, is said to have first invented hats and baskets made of straw.

ADJOINING ROOMS IN A HOTEL IN NEW YORK.



Southern Gentleman (*about to Fire the Hotel*).—"These Yankees will learn what it is to incur the Enmity of a proud and chivalric People."

Little Child.—"God bless dear Papa, and bring him safe Home. Forgive our Enemies, and turn their Hearts."



[From the New York Express.]

DR. VON EISENBERG'S ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON.

So numerous are the "Schools" of Medicine, and so bitterly does each of them denounce the theory and practice of all the others, it is no wonder that many persons have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a Science of Medicine, and that all medical practice is mere guess-work, if not actual humbug. But this hasty conclusion is wholly erroneous. The existence of so many schools and theories shows that many men are busy gathering facts, making investigations, and trying to master their significance. The great error is that each school in theory ignores the truth and science contained in the others, though in fact the practice of all the schools is gradually assimilating. Thus no able Allopathist now administers in any ordinary case the enormous doses which were once the rule; and no able Homeopathist adheres to the infinite dilutions of Hahnemann.

So many able and earnest men are devoting themselves to medical investigation that it would be strange if new discoveries were not made. Among the most brilliant of these—we may indeed say the most brilliant of all—is that of Dr. VON EISENBERG in regard to the *Etherealization of Medicines;* we may properly call it the "Spiritualization," since the Latin *Spiritus*, whence comes our word "Spiritual," signifies primarily simply "the air."

This discovery of Dr. VON EISENBERG, like most other discoveries, is apparently so simple when once made, that the wonder seems to be that it was not made and practically applied long ago. The greatest single advance made in medical theory since the days of Hippocrates, is that of Hahnemann, that the potency of medicines depends not so much upon the quantity taken into the system as upon their minute subdivision, so that they may be brought into immediate contact with the affected organs. He indeed carried his theory to an absurd extent, diluting and re-diluting until there was only a drop of medicine to many hogsheads of water. Hahnemann and his followers, the Homeopathists, knew of no more efficient vehicle of dilution than water. They thus fell just short of that which constitutes the starting-point of the brilliant discovery of VON EISENBERG, to whom it occurred that if the air could be practically applied to this purpose, the most minute subdivision could be attained without the excessive dilutions of the Homeopathists. Medicines could then be *inhaled* or *breathed in*, instead of being merely *swallowed*, and thus a class of organs be directly reached which had heretofore been inaccessible to the direct action of medicines.

Many of the most important and vital organs of the human frame can not be reached by medicines in a solid or even in a liquid form. Thus the *lungs* are shut up in a bony chest to which access can be had only through the wind-pipe, the opening of which is closed by a valve, called the "epiglottis," so sensitive and so delicately constructed that it will not allow the passage, except by main force, of the most minute crumb or the smallest drop of liquid. Every person who has "swallowed the wrong way" the smallest substance, whether of liquid or solid, knows the feeling of strangulation thereby occasioned. A man can not, if he would, voluntarily swallow any liquid or solid into the lungs or the passage leading to them. Herein lies the true reason why Consumption has been so incurable.

The classes of diseases commonly known by the name of Consumption are essentially of two kinds. One consists of the formation of "tubercles," that is *ulcers* in the body of the lungs; the other of *inflammation* of the lungs or the passage leading to them. If we could reach these organs directly by medicinal applications, there is no reason why ulcerations or inflammations of the lungs might not be cured as readily as those upon the hand or face. Now pills or draughts, when swallowed, do not go near the lungs; they pass down the "*gullet*" *into the stomach.* To take pills or potions with the hope of directly curing Consumption, is as absurd as to take them to cure a boil on the arm or an inflammation of the eyelid. Indirectly, of course, the proper pills and draughts are of aid in all of these affections, by benefiting the general tone of the system, and thus enabling it the more readily to throw off disease. But directly, we can not too often repeat, they are of no use, for the very sufficient reason that they do not touch the diseased organ. Medicines can only touch the lungs when administered, not in a solid or liquid, but in an aeriform or "spiritualized" form.

These remarks apply equally to diseases of the passages leading from the nostrils to different parts of the head, such as the throat and ear. These diseases, though not so fatal as Consumption, are yet often dangerous, and always annoying. Few persons are unacquainted, more or less, with the annoyances of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas. Taste, smell, hearing, and sight are impaired and not unfrequently destroyed temporarily, and sometimes permanently, by these diseases.

Such is a brief outline of some of the facts which led Dr. VON EISENBERG, acting in the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, to the discovery of the theory of the *Etherealization*, or *Spiritualization, of Medicines.* The next task to which he set himself was to find some means of making his discovery of practical use, by inventing some mode of administering medicines in an ethereal form. The ordinary modes were clearly unavailing. You can not administer air by a tea-spoon. After the labor of two years, and an outlay of $7000, he succeeded in perfecting the apparatus of which the accompanying illustration gives a view, and which we shall now attempt briefly to describe.

On entering VON EISENBERG's consulting-room the visitor will observe what appears to be three distinct machines, of elegant form and exquisitely finished workmanship. These are, however, but parts of one apparatus, the connection between them being made beneath the floor. First there is what appears to be the beam of a double engine, elegantly finished in silver, which, by pressure, produces an atmosphere entirely purified of all foreign or deleterious substances. This atmosphere is forced by this instrument into a large cylinder constructed under the floor of the basement, capable of receiving two hundred and fifty pounds of condensed air. From this cylinder the purified atmosphere is made to pass into a second large cylinder or chamber previously impregnated with hot medicated vapors. From this second chamber, by opening a valve, the air, now thoroughly medicated, is permitted to proceed to the operating-room, where it is received into a second piece of mechanism, which presents the appearance of a triumphal arch supported by two hollow silver columns, into which the prepared air passes, into a third chamber of pure silver, built between the columns, and forming the crown of the arch, where it is again mixed with various medicinal preparations.

From this chest the spiritualized medical vapor is passed, when required, through a second invisible channel, to what appears to be the third machine or apparatus—a beautiful and elaborate instrument, consisting of not less than twenty-four magnificent crystal glass vessels, each charged with a different medical preparation. The largest of these vessels is capable of containing two gallons; four, one gallon each; ten receivers, that hold each one pint; eight, one half pint each; and one vessel, holding a pint, arranged with a neck like a douche, and with the single object in view of restoring health to the eye; and another, similarly constructed, the end somewhat similar to the mouth-piece of an ear-trumpet, which is used for the sole purpose of acting energetically upon the auric nerve. Besides these twenty-four vessels, there are four others capable of holding one quart of fluid each, to which are attached very elegant velvet tubes, which are to be used as inhalers, so mechanically arranged that the patient, once he places one of them to his lips, must inhale the medicament of the vessel to which the tube is attached. The peculiarity of these tubes rests in the fact that the sufferer is compelled, however unaccustomed to their use, to breathe in the medicine. He can not refuse to receive into his throat and lungs a portion of the volatilized medicinal matter with which each vessel is charged. These machines have attached to them gauges or indicators, showing how much the patient consumes at each operation, thus graduating the necessary doses it may be considered advisable to throw into the system, or externally on the eye or the ear.

It is, of course, understood that the vessels are charged with different and independent medicines—preparations not only for the eye and ear, but for the head, and nasal organ, the throat, the chest, and the lungs. Each is applied according to the nature of the disease and the progress of the patient toward complete restoration. It should be remembered that the leading object of the entire apparatus is to purify and spiritualize the medicines used, so that they can be profitably, directly, and energetically employed. This fact alone is worthy the consideration of the diseased.

There is yet another instrument connected with the apparatus, to which the Doctor has given the name METRO-PNEUMATICOON (from the Greek μέτρον, *metron*, "measure," and πνεῦμα, *pneuma*, "the air"). This instrument, also primarily intended for measuring the air capacity of the lungs, is the invention of Dr. VON EISENBERG. By it he is enabled to diagnose or examine the chest or lungs; and by it he arrives at an exact knowledge of the soundness of the respiratory organ.

As to the entire apparatus, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as a wonderful invention—one that, were it not so costly, we have little doubt would be adopted by every hospital and medical college in the country. We are satisfied it would well repay, even if he had to journey all the way from Europe, the scientific man to see and examine it. It is a marvel of mechanical complexity, and yet, when its multiform uses are considered, of extreme simplicity and great beauty. That it will in every respect fulfill the expectations of the inventor, we have every reason to believe. It has been constructed with an accurate knowledge of its ultimate uses. One so experienced in the specialties for which it is particularly intended as is the Doctor, and for which he has long felt the necessity in his practice, could make no failure. With it he will be enabled to surmount obstacles that were hitherto deemed all but impossible to control. He can now approach with certainty and diagnose thoroughly every disease that in the course of his extended practice he aims to master. To those, therefore, who are in any way afflicted with loss of sight or hearing, with catarrh, bronchitis, chest or lung diseases, we earnestly suggest a visit to the consulting apartments of Dr. VON EISENBERG. There he will be speedily made to know the possibility of a cure in even complicated cases, and thus be encouraged to proceed until he is discharged thoroughly renovated and cured.

It will have been observed that the apparatus above described is intended also to bring the etherealized medicines into direct action upon the nerves. The nervous system is the source of many diseases. All physicians admit this, and all profess at least to be able to apply a remedy. The Allopathic, Homeopathic, and Hydropathic, by prescribing opiates, anodynes, etc., may, and do, alleviate the pain arising from impaired or diseased nerves; but this does not restore the nerve, it is only temporary relief—a relief, too, to some one nerve at the expense of the entire system. The Æsthetico-Neuralgicon of Dr. VON EISENBERG not merely allays the irritation, but restores the nerve to its normal condition. The Doctor's theory is, that each nerve has a specific office, and has its own peculiar susceptibility. Thus, for example, the nerve of vision is insensible to touch; and, on the other hand, the nerve of touch is insensible to light, and so on through the whole system. The great excellence of this æsthetical instrument is, that it can be applied, not on guess-work principles, which are no principles at all, but that it can be applied with accuracy and certainty to any nerve or nerves that are weakened or impaired—to the different nerves of motion, or sensation, to the eye, the ear, or the touch, as in paralysis.

To this complicated and beautiful apparatus Dr. VON EISENBERG has given the name of ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON. It is derived from the following Greek words: αἰσθητικός (AISTHETICOS), *æsthetic*, or *philosophical;* νεῦρον (NEURON), a *nerve;* ἄλγος (ALGOS), *pain or disease*, with the termination -ικόν (-IKON), equivalent to the English termination *-ic*, meaning *pertaining to.* The meaning of the compound word, when fully expressed, is, "*An apparatus philosophically constructed for treating diseases of the nervous system.*" And this describes exactly the character and object of the apparatus. It is constructed on the strictest principles of the Baconian philosophy, for no guess-work has entered into its conception or execution. The end to be attained was discovered by the most rigid induction of facts; and the means were adapted to the end, by the most careful consideration of every part.

A few words may properly be added respecting Dr. VON EISENBERG, the inventor of the valuable apparatus, which can not fail to effect a revolution in some of the most important departments of the science and practice of the healing art. His early professional training was received at the most famous institutions on the continent of Europe. Knowing that the science of Medicine was of too vast extent for any one man to be able to attain high skill, much less to make great advances beyond his predecessors, in every department, he resolved to devote himself to the special investigation and treatment of diseases of the Head, Throat, and Lungs, with especial reference to affections of the Eye and Ear. Deep enthusiasm for his profession, joined to natural talent for investigation, and unwearied industry, soon placed him in the front rank of his profession in Europe, a position which was awarded to him in the United States immediately upon his taking up his residence among us. This eminence will be more than confirmed by his recent invention.

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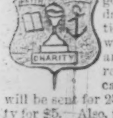

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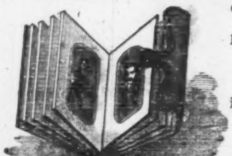

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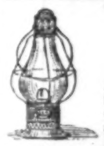

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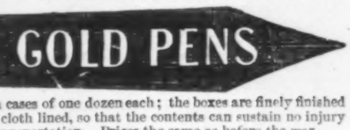

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